THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 4. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HEROIC FOOTPRINTS.

Mr. T.O. Russell Visits the House Where Lord Edward Fitzgerald Fought and Fell, and the Street Where Robert Emmet Was Hanged.

Magnificent Oil Painting of "the Gallant and Seditious Geraldine" Presented to the National Art Gallery of Dublin by the Young Duke of Leinster.

DUBLIN, Nov. 9.—I made a pilgrimage last week to the places that are so well known in connection with some of the noblest men that have sacrificed their lives in the cause of Irish liberty, namely Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmet. The house in which Lord Edward was arrested is still in existence, and seems likely to last for many a long year to come. It is No. 151 Thomas street, and is occupied by E.G. Gethings & Co., cork manufacturers. Lord Edward was arrestd in a back room on the second floor. The house is a large four-story brick building, painted white, and in good repair. The proprietor said, as he, or one of his clerks, was showing me through the house, that a great many people, especially Irish-Americans, call to see the house and the room in which the hopes of the Irish national party were the same as destroyed; for the arrest of Lord Edward was fatal to the success of the patriots. He might be said to be the only military man of any real experience in the ranks of the National party of the time, and was a host in himself. Had he not been slain at the very beginning of the campaign, the probabilities are that the year 1798 might have been a year of triumph instead of disaster for Ireland. The campaign would at least have been very different from what it was, whatever the final results might have been. While speaking about Lord Edward, I must not forget to speak about the magnificent new oil picture of him that has been quite recently executed by Mr. Hugh Hamilton for the Duke of Leinster. The picture is to be seen in the National Art Gallery, Leinster Lawn. Lord Edward is represented in the civilian's dress of the time; he wears a black, double-breasted dress coat, with gold buttons; the breeches are of some whitish, or yellow material; but as the picture is only little more than a half-length one, the shape and color of the lower garments cannot be known. It is one of the most magnificently executed oil paintings I ever saw. Whether it is a good likeness or not, or from what source the original was taken, I of course cannot tell; but for perfection of color and finish, the least conversant with works of art can see at once that it is a gem. Lord Edward's face, as represented in this picture, is intensely Irish. It is not what would be called a very high type of face, but is, nevertheless, exceedingly handsome. The nose is by no means aquiline; it seems, on the contrary, slightly *retouse*. The portrait resembles some of those I have seen of the poet Byron, but is hardly so handsome. Lord Edward's hair is in this picture represented as being dark, almost blue-black. The expression of the face is benign in the highest degree; not only such, but open and candid as well. No one could imagine that the possessor of such a countenance could by any possibility be guilty of a mean or sordid action. It is such a face as both men and women could not help loving at first sight. It is such a face as only a good man could possess. It was a good act of the present Duke of Leinster to make the city of Dublin a present of such a magnificent portrait of one whose memory every succeeding generation of Irishmen will honor more and more. Even the cold-hearted and unpatriotic have to acknowledge that one like him could have been actuated by none but the noblest motives in sacrificing position, friends, station, and life for his country's cause.

There is a picture of another great Irishman opposite that of Lord Edward—Henry Grattan. It was painted by the same artist, and is also a wondrous work of art. Grattan is represented as dressed exactly like Lord Edward. There is also a picture of Moore in the same gallery. It represents the poet in his youth or early manhood. On examining the pictures of Fitzgerald and Moore, one is forcibly struck by the racial, or at least national, likeness that there is between them. Neither of them is the very high type of Irish or Celtic face which one sometimes sees in France and Ireland—aquiline nose, high forehead and oval contour. The faces of Lord Edward and Moore as represented in these admittedly the best likenesses of them in existence, are round more than oval, but at the same time, strikingly handsome and intellectual. The three portraits that I have imperfectly sketched, are almost worth crossing the Atlantic to see; and it is a good sign of the times to see the magnificent likenesses of those great Irishmen occupying such a prominent position in one of the most beautiful art galleries in the world. The new museum, library and art gallery here, are so wondrously interesting and beautiful that they are well worthy of an entire letter devoted to a description of them, which letter you shall have some of these days.

St. Michan's church, in Church street, where Robert Emmet is buried, is one of the most tumble-down, dilapidated looking buildings in all Dublin. The congregation is small and poor. I am told that twenty or thirty people are about the number generally seen at service there. Some people I have met have stoutly denied that Emmet was buried in it. They say he was buried in Glasnevin. But it seems to me that the balance of testimony of the most reliable kind is decidedly in favor of his having been buried in St. Michan's. It may not be generally known in America that the notorious Lord Leitrim who was shot in the county Donegal in 1878 is buried in St. Michan's. What an outrage it is to have the remains of Ireland's patriot and those of the abominable Leitrim, lying side by side in the same churchyard! For my part, I ardently hope that it may some time be proved that Emmet was not buried in St. Michan's, so that there could be no possible chance of his dust and Leitrim's ever coming in contact. I have met some people both in America and in Ireland who thought that Emmet was executed in St. Catherine's church, Thomas street. He was executed on a scaffold erected in the street opposite the church. St. Catherine's is a much larger church than St. Michan's, and is kept, exteriorly at least, in much better repair. Both are Protestant churches, and very old buildings. St. Michan's dates from about the fourteenth century; but the present building is only about two hundred years old. From whatever cause I know not, but it is certain that Protestant churches in the city of Dublin are not nearly so well attended as they were thirty or forty years ago. I looked into Trinity church, Lower Gardiner street, one Sunday some weeks ago, and for curiosity I counted the number of worshippers. There were only ninety. Thirty-five years ago, I have often seen over two thousand people in that church. It may be that Protestants do not attend their churches as they used formerly At all events there is now no Protestant congregation to be seen in the city anything like as large as there was thirty years ago. This may be partially accounted for by the fact that so many of the well-to-do classes have moved out of the suburbs. But in my opinion the plain cause is the same as that which has caused Protestant churches to become almost deserted in Germany, namely the increasing carelessness about religious matters so noticeable in all Protestant countries.

We are suffering from the greatest water famine that Dublin has ever known. There has not been a real good fall of rain here for over six months. There are a few showers every week, but not enough of rain falls to wet one through a spring overcoat. The Vartry reservoir in the county Wicklow is almost dry. "The oldest inhabitant" here has never known anything like the long-continued absence of heavy rain. It is beginning to be a very serious matter for this city, as we will soon be obliged to drink canal water. Other parts of Ireland do not seem to be suffering for water at all.

I promised in my last letter to give some particulars of the cost of living here, and the prices of food, but must put it off to my next letter. T.O.R.

OBITUARY.

THOMAS MACKIN.

Thomas Mackin, familiarly known as "Tom" Mackin, died at his residence on Diversey avenue, in this city, last week, at the age of 66 years. He was a native of the county Armagh, Ireland, and came to America when quite young. He began life in this country as a traveling peddler, and, arriving in Chicago over forty years ago, considered this a good place in which to pitch his tent permanently. Everything he undertook prospered, and he died worth several millions. His wife, and a son and daughter by his first marriage, survive him.

"Tom" Mackin was a character. He was an honest man, but close as it was possible for a human being, not actually a miser, to be He was a great financier in his way, and was full of a peculiar dry humor. Had his early education been more thorough, he would have been a distinguished man as well as a rich one. As it was, the acquirement of wealth was his master passion, and his financial ability was simply marvelous. He could put a cent under his pillow when he went to sleep, and, in the morning, it was sure to be a dollar. His death came rather prematurely, for he was, physically, a strong man, and showed the effect of time very little. About six months ago Mr. Mackin, while attending the funeral of an old time friend, met with an accident which led to a complication of diseases and finally to death. He married, for the second time, last winter. The funeral, which was from Mount Carmel church, was attended by many old and well known citizens. The interment was at Calvary.

MR. PHILIP MURPHY.

The many friends of Mr. Thomas Murphy, No. 236 Oak street, were shocked by the announcement of the sudden death of his son, Philip, which occurred on the 18th inst., and was the result of a fall from a wagon, which befell him on the previous day. The young man was in his 23d year, and had an immense circle of admirers and well wishers. His family are overwhelmed with grief at their great misfortune. THE CITIZEN extends its respectful sympathy to them in their bereavement. The funeral occurred on Mouday from the Cathedral to Calvary cemetery, and was largely attended. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Finn.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

THE "ANTI-CATHOLIC MAFIA"

Did Not Aid in the Ohio Election on the Side of Governor McKinley, as Charged by the "Western Watchman."

So Says the Hon. A. L. Morrison, of New Mexico, Who Participated in the Campaign on the Republican Side.

[*To the Editor.*]

SANTA FE, N.M., Nov. 17.—In an editorial, published in the *Western Watchman*, St. Louis, on the 9th inst., the following appeared:

"Last Tuesday was a great day for the A.P.A. in this country. As was predicted by far-seeing statesmen, the appearance of that disturbing factor in the elections of three states decided the day. In New York other causes contributed to the result. But in Ohio, Massachusetts and Iowa the anti-Catholic Mafia swept everything before it. It is idle to attemt to conceal the truth. It is as plain as day that the verdict of last Tuesday was the expression of the ignorant anti-Catholic hatred which still lingers in the hearts of the American people. * * * In the states where Republicans triumphed last Tuesday they were aided to victory by that traitorous organization, the American Protective Association."

Now, as one of the Republican speakers who participated in the recent Ohio election, and, as you know, an humble but earnest son of our Holy Mother church, I desire to enter my protest against the foregoing baseless assertions of the able, but partisan, *Watchman*, which seems to be a prophet of the Anglo-Democratic-Free Trade school. I will, however, speak only of my own experience in Ohio, and, at the outset, emphatically deny that the pestilent brood of A.P.A. vipers "swept everything before it," or that the verdict of Nov was "the expression of the ignorant anti-Catholic hatred which still lingers in the hearts of the American people." The writer in the *Western Watchman* is very extravagant with assertion, but very economical with proof. Indeed he seems to assume that his assertion is all-sufficient without proof. I will not imitate his methods in this respect. Any man who has given any attention to the insignificant insects of the A.P.A knows that they are composed of Democrats as well as Republicans, and that their chief propagandists are Irish Orangemen.

Now, let me give you a plain statement, which ought to have some weight in the controversy. In Columbus, O., which is the hotbed of the A.P.A., Mr. Earnheart, the Republican candidate for state senator, denounced, in a bold, able letter, the A.P.A. and its principles, as unchristian, un-American, and unworthy of the respect of any honorable man. He also defended his Catholic fellow-citizens against the infamous charges brought against them by the A.P.A. Thereupon, war was declared against him, and every possible means were tried to compass his defeat. He was well known as the friend of leading Catholics, and never retracted a word he had written or spoken, with the result that he was elected by 1,544 majority, carrying fifty out of the sixty-one precincts in Franklin county. Will it be claimed that Mr. Earnhart was aided to victory by "that traitorous organization the A.P.A?" If the *Western Watchman* published the report of the banquet recently given to the venerable Bishop Watterson, it must also have published the speech of Governor McKinley, delivered thereat, in which he spoke in the highest terms of the beloved bishop. It is well known that the governor was requested by the A.P.A. not to attend said banquet, which request he did not obey, and every man of any intelligence knows that a more broad-minded, liberal man does not exist than William McKinley. His whole public life is a protest against intolerance, and I know that among his innumerable friends he has none more devoted than many leading Catholics of Ohio; and yet with such a splendid record he carried Franklin county, which is, as already stated, the hot-bed of the A.P.A., by 2,409 majority, and carried Ohio by a greater majority than any candidate since the traitor Valandigham was buried beneath 101,000 majority. In addition to the above (I quote from the *Irish World* of Nov. 11), "a committee from the A.P.A. of Toledo, Ohio, called on the Democratic candidate for clerk one day last week and received from him a promise that he would appoint only members of their organization as deputies, in return for their support on election day." It would be interesting to know how many Catholic Democrats voted against this pliant tool of "that traitorous organization the A.P.A." In the same issue of the *Irish World* I find the following:

"We have before us a copy of the Sauk Rapids *Sentinel*, a Democratic paper, containing a statement of the principles of their organization. Some of the principles are as follows:

"'We unite to protect our country and its free institutions against the intolerant and aggressive efforts that are persistently being set forth by the Catholic church to control the government of the United States, and destroy our blood-bought civil and religious liberty.

"'It is in our opinion unwise and unsafe to appoint ar elect to civil, political or military office in this country men who owe supreme allegiance to any foreign potentate or ecclesiastical power (meaning the Catholic church), and who are sworn to obey such power.

"'Our mission is to awaken the people of free America from their lethargy, indifference and over-confidence. 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty,' yet the Protestants of this republic have ceased to be vigilant, and, in conscious strength, are either intently chasing the almighty dollar, or quietly dozing, while we swiftly drift toward a more tremendous and terrible crisis than this country has yet known.'

"These bigoted principles are not only published by the Democratic paper mentioned above, but they are indorsed by its editor, whose name is unfortunately McKenna."

It would seem from the above proofs that if the A.P.A. is receiving any political recognition, it is from Democrats and not from Republicans; and it is a little strange that the vigilant *Watchman* did not see and denounce the conduct of the Democratic candidate for clerk in Toledo, O., and of the democratic editor with the good old Catholic name of McKenna. Or can it be possible that the impartial *Watchman* is only anxious to make a case against Republicans, and turns a deaf ear to Democratic pandering to this vile pestilent hornet, whose insignificant buzzing is disturbing the equanimity of gentle souls like the writer in the St. Louis paper? The honest truth is that the great struggle in Ohio was between the adverse principles of English Free Trade and Protection to American Industries, and no quibbling by that paper, or any other, can make it appear otherwise. It must be gratifying to every good Irishman, as well as American, to know that the English doctrine went down under an avalanche of 81,000 majority, and that the Democratic leaders in congress have received warning that the tariff law must not be modified to accommodate English avarice. The *Watchman* says the election in New York was fought on other issues. Very true indeed, but it would have been instructive to its readers if it had informed them that, under the leadership of Republicans, the outraged people of New York arose in their indignant might and crushed candidate Maynard, who was placed on the judicial bench by Gov. Hill as a reward for well-defined crimes against the ballot-box, which might have consigned him to the penitentiary; that the same people have at last driven Boss McLaughlin into obscurity and rescued Brooklyn from the horde of corruptionists who have thriven and grown fat on public plunder, and that the man McKane, who had over 6,000 votes cast out of a total population of a little over 8,000, is now a fugitive from justice. These are a few of the benefits which the New York people have received from the late Republican victory in that state.

A. L. MORRISON.

HYMENEAL.

MILLER–ROBERTS.

Miss Mary Louise Roberts and Roswell Miller, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Company, were married on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 16, at No. 698 Madison avenue, New York city, the residence of the bride's parents, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Roberts, which was superbly decorated with palms, white chrysanthemums and roses. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, assisted by Rev. Dr. John Hall and Rev. Dr. McCosh. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. William Rockefeller, Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hood Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Milbank, Mr. and Mrs. James McCosh, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Torrey, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. French and Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Armour. One of the handsome wedding gifts received by the couple was a complete silver service presented by the directors of the railroad of which the bridegroom is president. The couple left during the afternoon in Mr. Miller's private car for the south.

A LIBEL ON MACMAHON.

No great man dies whose record is not sought to be blurred by at least one bilious scribe. This maxim has received a further confirmation in an uncalled for attack which recently appeared in the pages of the London *Daily News*, from the pen of Mrs. Crawford, its Paris correspondent, on the late Marshal MacMahon. This correspondent is all the more to be condemned because she herself is by birth and blood an Irishwoman. The substance of one of her recent letters to the journal referred to was to the effect that the Marshal was heartily ashamed of the land that gave birth to her grandfather! There is not a tittle of truth in such an assertion. MacMahon, on being presented with a sword in the camp of Chalons by an Irish deputation after the victory of Magenta, responded in a speech in which he gloried in the fact that Irish blood flowed in his veins and stated furthermore that he would bequeath the sword to his oldest son Patrice. The forthcoming memoirs of the great soldier will also testify to his love and admiration of the cradle land of his race. He and his wife were chiefly instrumental in inducing Pere Monsabre to preach in the Madeleine church, Paris, in aid of the victims of the Irish famine of 1879–80. Madame MacMahon herself was one of the lady collectors, and large contributions to the Irish Relief Fund resulted from her spirited and patriotic action on that occasion. The brave old Marshal was prouder of his Irish descent than a Howard or a Montmorency would have been of theirs.—*Eugene Davis in the Western Watchman.*

"DOWN WITH THE WHIGS!"

So Cries a Correspondent of "The Citizen," Who Is Exasperated By the Existing Condition of Things in Ireland.

He Thinks the Proper Policy for the Irish People to Pursue is to Support Redmond and Force Gladstone To Terms.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Nov. 10, 1893.—In 1881 Mr. Gladstone caused the arrest of C. S. Parnell, John Dillon, Mathew Harris and other M. P's. for causing the government so much trouble that it took 13,000 police and 30,000 soldiers to hold the people in check, and Mr. Gladstone thought that by arresting Mr. Parnell and his fellow members, he would have plain sailing and everything his own way, but he little knew the man he was then dealing with: but subsequent events showed him the stuff that Mr. Parnell was made of, and he brought Mr. Gladstone to his knees; but Mr. Parnell had then a solid Irish party behind him. With an iron hand he held these men together, and would have held them still, only for Michael Davitt, Tim Healy and John Barry—commonly called Leader Killer. These men preached the spirit of insubordination after the Leinster Hall meeting until it finally resulted in the overthrow of Mr. Parnell in Committee Room No. 15. Oh, what a sad day for Ireland that was. The men that he raised from obscurity, and who swore to be true to him and to Ireland, sold him out without getting *quid pro quo*. Countrymen, think of it—sold out the man who brought Home Rule in sight, at the bidding of the man who refused it. Oh, shame, shame—on them—and foul shame, say I, the crime of Castlereagh is only second to this—and it is the only parallel I can find. The Liberal government, which entered office pledged to end coercion, to restore evicted tenants to their holdings, are, today, prosecuting members of parliament, as they did in 1881. The Irishman who thinks England will grant Home Rule without fighting for it is a fool. It must be fought at the polls and on the floor of the house, and the sooner they commence the sooner they will get it. Block the express, and keep it blocked until it is granted. That the then issue was not between two Irish National parties, but between an Irish National party and Mr. Gladstone is self-evident. "You cannot have both Mr. Parnell and me," said Gladstone to the gentlemen of Room 15. "You," cried the false-hearted Healy and Sexton. "You,' echoed the West Briton bishops. "Down with the Irish Parnell; hurrah for the Saxon dictator."

While the Independent party, both publicly and privately warned the government against the danger of the course they have now adopted, Mr. Tim Healy took occasion in a public speech to declare that the question of the police was merely a matter of detail. That pronouncement was little short of an act of political treachery. At the time it was made there was going on in the cabinet a severe and bitter struggle. Mr. Healy must have known this, for some, at least, of the leaders of the Independent party knew it, and their opportunities of making themselves acquainted with what was passing in the inner circles of the government were naturally less than those enjoyed by the men who were the allies of the government, and the pets of the National Liberal club.

The officials of Dublin Castle had brought on the government extreme pressure to prevent the adoption of a definite date for the disbandment of the Irish constabulary, on the ground that if the bill failed to pass into law future English governments would not be able to count on the loyalty of the Royal Irish to these Castle officials. Mr. Tim Healy, speaking on behalf of the Irish Whigs, raised his not influential voice, stating that the control of the police was a "matter of detail," and the result of his pronouncement is that the Irish constabulary are to remain for a period not defined under the control of the lord lieutenant. This resolution of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet curiously confirms out of Mr. Gladstone's own mouth the statement which poor Mr. Parnell made of his conversation at Hawarden with the leader of the English party. It was then vigorously denied, and Mr. Parnell was accused by the recreants who betrayed him of having misrepresented the intentions of M. Gladstone and his colleagues. Now, every intelligent man in Ireland can judge for himself, for here is the very proposition made in the Home Rule bill, which was so indignantly denied by Mr. Gladstone and his friends, both English and Irish. The last Home Rule bill was not as good for Ireland as the 1886 bill. As for Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Sadstone—for a sad stone he is to Ireland—giving the Irish people a parliament, such as Grattan's, without blocking the express, is a mistake. England has broken all her promises to Ireland, and she is not going to keep them now. My advice to the Irish people is to have them support Mr. John Redmond's principles, and through him and his colleagues, compel the Gladstone parliament to open the prison doors, and restore the evicted tenants to their holdings, or throw him out of power just the same, and with as little commiseration as he has for the thousands of people he is throwing out just now on the road side to die. Will the Irish people ever learn anything by experience? Are they foolish enough to think that that they can anchor Irish nationality in the breasts of Englishmen? An Englishman is an Englishman, even in a bottle, and if Ireland ever gets anything from England it will be through fear of Ireland, and not by bowing and scraping, as the McCarthy party is doing now. I have but one life to risk, and there is no cause I would sooner risk it for than for liberating Ireland, even if I perished in the attempt. The idea of leaving the freedom of Ireland in the hands of a lot of men who sold and killed the man that brought liberty in sight of her gates, for an Englishman! Oh, ye gods! What a sight to behold! Ireland ought to call on every one of the McCarthy traitors to resign.

MICHAEL H. BARRY.

LITERARY.

"The Arena."

The November *Arena* closes the eighth volume of this popular review, which, by the conspicuous ability of its contributors, is unequalled, fearless and healthy reformative impulses, has become a power in our land. The November issue contains, among other brilliant papers, a noteworthy article written by the late Richard A. Proctor, in which the eminent astronomer reviews the claims of Bacon and Shakespeare at length. This paper was originally a portion of a correspondence between Mr. Proctor and his daughter. The Bacon-Shakespeare case closes in this issue. It contains verdicts from Henry Irving, George W. E. Russell and others. In this notable verdict twenty of the most eminent writers and critics in America and England are for Shakespeare, one votes for Bacon and four are undecided. Rabbi Solomon Schindler contributes a very thoughtful, though rather Socialistic paper, entitled "Thoughts in an Orphan Asylum." E. P. Powell's contribution is a strikingly interesting "Study of Thomas Paine." Louis Frechette, the poet-laureate of Canada, appears in an interesting historic story entitled "La Corriveau." Among other papers of special interest discussed by eminent thinkers are the following: "The Slave Power and the Money Power," "Is Liquor Selling a Sin?" "Medical Slavery Through Legislation.," "Knowledge the Preserver of Purity," "Gerald Massey: The man and the Poet." The book reviews are also a noteworthy feature of this number. Those who would keep in touch with live issues should include this review in their list for the coming year. The announcements for 1894 are very interesting.

McClure's Magazine.

The great Bronte battle, one of the most extraordinary personal combats in the history of Ireland, is told fully in *McClure's Magazine* for November in the series of articles on the ancestors of the Brontes. This combat between Welsh Bronte and Sam Clarke was fought in the presence of ten thousand people, and lasted from before noon until late in the afternoon. It was a fight so fierce that for a generation after people in that part of Ireland referred to events as having happened either before or after the Bronte fight. The article also contains chapters, entitled "The Brote's, the Devil and the Potatoe Blight," and "The Bronte's and the Ghosts," as well as descriptions of the weird and unusual outdoor festivities of the Brontes. The articles which appeared in *McClure's Magazine* will soon be published in book form by D. Appleton & Co.

Worthington's Magazine.

Worthington's Magazine for November fully sustains the reputation gained by previous numbers. In the competition for popular favor this magazine holds a leading place, being bright, fresh and enjoyable in every detail of its makeup. Its flavor is distinctly American and the leading articles are always upon subjects upon which American readers—men, women and children—should be thoroughly posted. Nothing could be more instructive, while thoroughly enjoyable, than the leading articles which the discerning editor gathers from a wealth of valuable contributions and presents with the added charm and interest of numerous superb illustrations. Nothing better, cleaner, more wholesome and helpful in tone for the general reading of the American family from our Eastern to our far Western coast could have been devised than this brilliant young monthly, which is so rapidly extending its inspiriting influence.

A new and notable feature will be added to the December number and will be continued regularly thereafter. Walter Blackburn Harte, the vigorous and critical essayist, whose papers under the heading of "In a Corner at Dodsley's," have hitherto been a noticeable feature of the New England magazine, will hereafter contribute these essays exclusively to *Worthington's* under the heading of "In a Library Corner." This department was to have been begun with the present number, but its appearance was unavoidably deferred by the illness of the writer. Mr. Harte's brilliant pen always provokes criticism, and no other magazine articles have recently attracted more attention. The addition of this department to *Worthington's* is a distinct gain, and its readers are to be congratulated upon the promise of such a rich feast in store for them.

Prevention is Better

Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is used with great success.

THE THREE WISHES.

An Irish Legend—Billy Dawson, Known in His Youth to be the Greatest Hand at Doing Nothing in All Europe.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

[CONCLUDED.]

At length, after traveling the same villainous round as before, Bill was compelled to betake himself, as the last remedy, to the forge; in other words, he found that there is, after all, nothing in this world that a man can rely on so firmly and surely as his own industry. Bill, however, wanted the organ of common sense; for his experience—and it was sharp enough to leave an impression—ran off him like water off a duck.

He took to his employment sorely against his grain; but he had now no choice. He must either work or starve, and starvation is like a great doctor, nobody tries it till every other remedy fails him. Bill had been twice rich; twice a gentleman among blackguards, but always a blackguard among gentlemen; for no wealth or acquaintance with decent society could rub the rust off his native vulgarity off him. He was now a common blinking sot in his forge; a drunken bully in the tap-room, cursing and brow-beating every one as well as his wife; boasting of how much money he had spent in his day; swaggering about the high doings he carried on; telling stories about himself and Lord This and Lord That at the Curragh; the dinners he gave—how much they cost him, and attempting to extort credit upon the strength of his former wealth. He was too ignorant, however, to known that he was publishing his own disgrace, and that it was a mean-spirited thing to be proud of what ought to make him blush through a deal board nine inches thick.

He was one morning industriously engaged in a quarrel with his wife, who, with a three-legged stool in her hand, appeared to mistake his head for his own anvil: he, in the meantime, paid his addresses to her with his leather apron, when who steps in to jog his memory about the little agreement that was between them, but old Nick. The wife, it seems, in spite of all her exertions to the contrary, was getting the worst of it; and Sir Nicholas, willing to appear a gentleman of great gallantry, thought he could not do less than take up the lady's quarrel, particularly as Bill had laid her in a sleeping posture. Now Satan thought this too bad; and as he felt himself under many obligations to the sex, he determined to defend one of them on the present occasion; so as Judy rose, he turned upon the husband, and floored him by a clever facer.

"You unmanly villain," said he, "is this the way you treat your wife? 'Pon honor, Bill, I'll chastise you on the spot. I could not stand by, a spectator of such ungentlemanly conduct without giving up all claim to gallant——." Whack! the word was divided in his mouth by the blow of a churn-staff from Judy, who no sooner saw Bill struck, than she nailed Satan, who "fell" once more.

"What, you villain! that's for striking my husband like a murderer behind his back," said Judy, and she suited the action to the word, "that's for interfering between man and wife. Would you murder the poor man before my face? eh? If *he* bates me, you shabby dog you, who has a better right? I'm sure it's nothing out of your pocket. Must you have your finger in every pie?"

This was anything but idle talk; for at every word she gave him a remembrance, hot and heavy. Nicholas backed, danced, and hopped; she advanced, still drubbing him with great perseverance, till at length he fell into the redoubtable arm chair, which stood exactly behind him. Bill, who had been putting in two blows for Judy's one, seeing that his enemy was safe, now got between the devil and his wife, a situation that few will be disposed to envy him.

"Tenderness, Judy," said the husband. "I hate cruelty. Go put the tongs in the fire, and make them red hot. Nicholas, you have a nose," said he.

Satan began to rise, but was rather surprised to find that he could not budge.

"Nicholas," says Bill, "how is your pulse? you don't look well; that is to say, you look worse than usual."

The other attempted to rise, but found it a mistake.

"I'll thank you to come along," said Bill, "I have a fancy to travel under your guidance, and we'll take the Low Countries in on our way, won't we? Get to your legs, you sinner; you know a bargain's a bargain between two honest men, Nicholas: meaning yourself and me. Judy, are the tongs hot?"

Satan's face was worth looking at, as he turned his eyes from the husband to the wife, and then fastened them on the tongs, now nearly at a furnace heat in the fire, conscious at the same time that he could not move out of the chair.

"Billy," said he, "you won't forget that I rewarded your generosity the last time I saw you, in the way of business."

"Faith, Nicholas, it fails me to remember any generosity I ever showed you. Don't be womanish. I simply want to see what kind of stuff your nose is made of, and whether it well stretch like a rogue's conscience. If it does, we will flatter it up the chimney with the red hot tongs, and when this old hat is fixed on the top of it, let us alone for a weather cock."

"Have a fellow-feeling, Mr. Dawson; you know we ought not to dispute. Drop the matter, and I give you the next seven years."

"We know all that," says Billy, opening the red hot tongs very coolly.

"Mr. Dawson," said Satan, "if you cannot remember my friendship to yourself, don't forget how often I stood your father's friend, your grandfather's friend, and the friend of all your relations up to the tenth generation. I intended, also, to stand by your children after you, so long as the name of Dawson, and a respectable one it is, might last."

"Don't be blushing, Nick," says Bill, "you are too modest: that was ever your failing; hould up your head, there's money bid for you. I'll give you such a nose, my good friend, that you will have to keep a outrider before you, to carry the end of it on his shoulder."

"Mr. Dawson, I pledge my honor to raise your children in the world as high as they can go; no matter whether they desire it or not."

"That's very kind of you," says the other, "and I'll do as much for your nose."

He gripped it as he spoke, and the old boy immediately sung out; Bill pulled, and the nose went with him like a piece of warm wax. He then transferred the tongs to Judy, got a ladder, resumed the tongs, ascended the chimney, and tugged stoutly at the nose until he got it five feet above the roof. He then fixed the hat upon the top of it, and came down.

"There's a weather-cock," said Billy; "I defy Ireland to show such a beauty. Faith, Nick, it would make the purtiest steeple for a church, in all Europe, and the old hat fits it to a shaving."

In this state, with his nose twisted up the chimney, Satan sat for some time, experimenting the novelty of what might be termed a peculiar sensation. At last the worthy husband and the wife began to relent:

"I think," said Bill, "that we have made the most of the nose, as well as the joke; "I believe, Judy, it's long enough."

"What is?" says Judy.

"Why, the joke," said the husband.

"Faith, and I think so is the nose," said Judy.

"What do you say to yourself, Satan?" said Bill.

"Nothing at all, William," said the other; "but that—ha! ha!—it's a good joke—an excellent joke, and a goodly nose, too, as it stands. You were always a gentlemanly man, Bill, and did things with a grace; still, if I might give an opinion on such a trifle—"

"It's no trifle at all," says Bill, "if you spake of the nose."

"Very well, it is not," says the other; "still, I am decidedly of opinion, that if you could shorten both the joke and the nose without further violence, you would lay me under very heavy obligations, which I shall be ready to acknowledge and repay as I ought."

"Come," said Bill, "shell out once more, and be off for seven years. As much as you came down with the last time, and vanish."

The words were scarcely spoken, when the money was at his feet, and Satan invisible. Nothing could surpass the mirth of Bill and his wife at this adventure. They laughed till they fell down on the floor.

It is useless to go over the same groud again. Bill was still incorrigible. The money went as the devil's money always goes. Bill caroused and squandered, but could never turn a penny of it to a good purpose. In this way, year after year went, till the seventh was closed, and Bill's hour came. He was now, and had been for some time past, as miserable a knave as ever. Not a shilling had he, nor a shilling's worth, with the exception of his forge, his cabin, and a few articles of crazy furniture. In this state he was standing in his forge as before, straining his ingenuity how to make out a breakfast, when Satan came to look after him. The old gentleman was sorely puzzled how to get at him. He kept skulking and sneaking about the forge for some time, till he saw that Bill hadn't a cross to bless himself with. He immediately changed himself into a guinea and lay in an open place where he knew Bill would see him. "If," said he, "I get once into his possession, I can manage him." The honest smith took the bait, for it was well gilded, he clutched the guinea, put it into his purse, and closed it up.

"Ho ho," shouted the devil out of the purse, "you're caught, Bill; I've secured you at last, you knave you. Why don't you despair, you villain, when you think of what's before you."

"Why, you unlucky ould dog," said Bill, "is it there you are? will you always drive your head into every loop-hole that's set for you? Faith, Nick achora, I never had you bagged till now."

Satan then began to tug and struggle with a view of getting out of the purse, but in vain.

"Mr. Dawson," said he, "we understand each other. I'll give the seven years additional, and the cash on the nail."

"Be aisey, Nicholas. You know the weight of the hammer, that's enough. It's not a whipping with feathers you're going to get, anyhow. Just be aisey."

"Mr Dawson, I grant I'm not your match. Release me, and I double the cash. I was merely trying your temper when I took the shape of a guinea."

"Faith and I'll try your's before you lave it, I've a notion." He immediately commenced with the sledge, and Satan sang out with a considerable want of firmness.

"Am I heavy enough?" said Bill.

"Lighter, lighter William, if you love me. I haven't been well latterly, Mr. Dawson—I have been delicate—my health, in short, is in a very precarious state, Mr. Dawson."

"I can believe that," said Bill, and it will be more so before I have done with you. Am I doing it right?"

"Bill," said Nick, is this gentlemanly treatment in your own respectable shop? Do you think, if you dropped into my little place, that I'd act this rascally part towards you? Have you no compunction?"

"I know," replied Bill, sledging away with vehemence, "that you're notorious for giving your friends a warm welcome. Divil an ould youth more so; but you must be daling in bad coin, must you? However, good or bad, you're in for a sweat now, you sinner. Am I doin' it purty?"

"Lovely, William—but, if possible, a little more delicate."

"Oh, how delicate you are! Maybe a cup o' tay would sarve you, or a little small gruel to compose your stomach."

"Mr. Dawson," said the gentleman in the purse, "hold your hand and let us understand one another. I have a proposal to make."

"Hear the sinner anyhow," said the wife.

"Name your own sum," said Satan, "only set me free."

"No, the sorra may take the toe you'll budge till you let Bill off," said the wife, "hould him hard, Bill, barrin' he sets you clear of your engagement."

"There it is, my posy," said Bill; "that's the condition. If you don't give me up, here's at you once more—and you must double the cash you gave the last time, too. So, if you're of that opinion, say ay—leave the cash and be off."

The money again appeared in a glittering heap before Bill, upon which he exclaimed—"The ay has it, you dog. Take to your pumps now, and fair weather after you, you vagrant; but Nicholas—Nick—here, here—"

The other looked back, and saw Bill, with a broad grin upon him, shaking the purse at him—

"Nicholas come back," said he, "I'm short a guinea."

Nick shook his fist and disappeared.

It would be useless to stop now, merely to inform our readers that Bill was beyond improvement. In short he once more took to his old habits, and lived on exactly in the same manner as before. He had two sons—one as great a blackguard as himself, and who was also named after him; the other was a well-conducted, virtuous young man, called James, who left his father, and having relied upon his own industry and honest perseverance in life, arrived afterwards to great wealth, and built the town called Castle Dawson, which is so called from its founder until this day.

Bill, at length, in spite of all his wealth, was obliged, as he himself said, "to travel,"—in other words, he fell asleep one day, and forgot to awaken; or, in still plainer terms, he died.

Now, it is usual, when a man dies, to close the history of his life and adventures at once; but with our hero this cannot be the case. The moment Bill deported, he very naturally bent his steps towards the residence of St. Moroky, as being, in his opinion, likely to lead him towards the snuggest berth he could readily make out. On arriving he gave a very humble kind of a knock, and St. Moroky appeared.

"God save your reverence!" said Bill, very submissively.

"Be off: there's no admittance here for so poor a youth as you are," said St. Moroky.

He was now so cold and fatigued that he cared little where he went, provided only, as he said himself, "he could rest his bones, and get an air of the fire." Accordingly, after arriving at a large black gate, he knocked, as before, and was told he would get instant admittance the moment he gave his name.

"Billy Dawson," he replied.

"Off, instantly," said the porter to his companions, "and let his majesty know that the rascal he dreads so much is here at the gate."

Such a racket and tumult were never heard as the very mention of Billy Dawson created.

In the meantime, his old acquaintance came running towards the gate with such haste and consternation, that his tail was several times nearly tripping up his heels.

"Don't admit that rascal," he shouted; "bar the gate—make every chain, and lock, and bolt, fast—I won't be safe—and I won't stay here, nor none of us need stay here, if he gets in—my bones are sore yet after him. No, no—begone you villain—you'll get no entrance here—I know you too well."

Bill could not help giving a broad, malicious grin at Satan, and, putting his nose through the bars, he exclaimed—"Ha! you ould dog, I have you afraid of me at last, have I?"

He had scarcely uttered the words, when his foe, who stood inside, instantly tweaked him by the nose, and Bill felt as if he had been gripped by the same red-hot tongs with which he himself had formerly tweaked the nose of Nicholas.

Bill then departed, but soon found that in consequence of the inflamable materials which strong drink had thrown into his nose, that organ immediately took fire, and, indeed, to tell the truth, kept burning night and day, winter and summer, without ever once going out, from that hour to this.

Such was the sad fate of Billy Dawson, who has been walking without stop or stay, from place to place ever since; and in consequence of the flame on his nose, and his beard tangled like a wisp of hay, he has been been christened by the country folk Will-o'-the-Wisp, while as it were, to show the mischief of his disposition, the circulating knave, knowing that he must seek the coldest bogs and quagmires in order to cool his nose, seizes upon that opportunity of misleading the unthinking and tipsy night travelers from their way, just that he may have the satisfaction of still taking in as many as possible.

[THE END.]

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years it was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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Safety From a Periodic Scourge.

Do you want to be insured, dweller in a malarious region, against the periodical scourge which threatens to assail you in the form of chills and fever or some of the forms of miasma-born disease? It goes without saying, that you do. Then, instead of using quinine or other alkaloid and mineral drugs, which merely relieve and are always detrimental to general health, seek aid where it is always forthcoming—from the thorough preventive and remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, in regions where malaria is far more violent and prevalent than it is on this continent, eradicates it completely from the system. Biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation, kidney and nervous complaints, neuralgia and rheumatism are among the maladies to which the national tonic and corrective is adapted. Physicians everywhere know its genuine worth.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago. St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

IT COVERS A GOOD DEAL OF GROUND

—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. And when you hear that it cures so many diseases, perhaps you think "it's too good to be true."

But it's only reasonable. As a blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer, nothing like the "Discovery" is known to medical science. The diseases that it cures come from a torpid liver, or from impure blood. For everything of this nature, it is the only *guaranteed* remedy. In Dyspepsia, Biliousness; all Bronchial, Throat and Lung affections; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages, and in the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases—if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

The worse your Catarrh, the more you need Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its proprietors offer $500 cash for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure.

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SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.
Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C.,
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REVISED WATCH OFFER.

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FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metal, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
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In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

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LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER No. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very lastest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER No. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER No. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

NO CHANGE IN HAWAII.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER AUSTRALIA AT SAN FRANCISCO.

At the Time of Her Departure from Honolulu There Was No Indication of Any Intention on the Part of the United States to Insist Upon the Restoration of Queen Liliuokalani — Minister Willis Presents His Credentials to Dole.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 20.—The steamship Australia, from Honolulu, has arrived inside Golden Gate. She brought the news that there had been no change in the Hawaiian political situation. The new United States minister, Mr. Willis, presented his credentials to President Dole of the provisional government, and had not indicated prior to the departure of the Australia any intention on the part of the United States government to insist upon the restoration of Queen Liliuokalani. But little of a definite nature has transpired since advices by the steamer China were sent. Perhaps the most significant was one of the remarks of Minister Willis when he presented his credentials on the 7th inst., together with the reply of President Dole.

Remarks of Minister Willis.

Mr. Willis in presenting his credentials said:

"MR. PRESIDENT: Mr. Blount, late envoy extraordinary of the United States to your government having resigned his office, while absent from his post, I have the honor to now present his letter of recall, and to express for him his sincere regret that he is unable in person to make known his continued good wishes on behalf of your people and his grateful appreciation of the many courtesies both personal and official, of which while here he was the honored recipient. I desire at the same time to place in your hands a letter accrediting me as his successor. In doing this I am directed by the president to give renewed assurance of friendship, interest and hearty good will which our government entertains for you and your people. Invoking that spirit of peace, friendship, and hospitality which has ever been the shield and sword of this country, I now, upon behalf of the United States of America tender to your people the right hand of good will, which I trust may be as lasting as I know it to be sincere, expressing the hope that every year will promote and perpetuate the good will to the honor, happiness, and prosperity of both governments."

President Dole's Reply.

President Dole then made reply as follows:

"MR. MINISTER: It is with much satisfaction that I receive the credentials you bring from his excellency, the president of the United States of America, accrediting you as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to represent that country at the capital of the Hawaiian islands. Your assurances of continued friendship of your government for me and the Hawaiian people add to the gratification which long experience of the generous consideration of the United States for this country has fostered. Permit me to assure you that we heartily reciprocate the expressions of interest and good will which you, on behalf of the American people, have conveyed to us. I regret the inability of your predecessor, Mr. Blount, to personally present his letter of recall and to afford me an opportunity to express to him my appreciation of the agreeable official and social relations that existed between him and our government and people during his residence here. We congratulate ourselves, Mr. Minister, that the government of the United States is to be represented here by one who, we are assured, is familiar with questions arising from the relations between two governments and with whom we look for maintenance of pleasant official intercourse."

A Talk with Minister Willis.

In speaking of his mission here to a reporter, Mr. Willis declared his instructions would not be known until officially handed to the provisional government. "I will say this much," said the minister, "that there is absolutely no foundation for various rumors afloat since my arrival as to what I am empowered to do or not to do. There are but two or three men, even in Washington, who know what my instructions are. I must positively decline at present to state whether I carry an ultimatum, a new treaty, or what."

The provisional government claims to be as much in the dark as everybody else, though it has leaked out within the last few hours from very reliable sources that the new minister will negotiate a new treaty with the provisional government which will place the islands virtually under the protection of the United States. It is understood that when completed this treaty will be at once submitted to the United States senate with Cleveland's message. In the meantime the United States will see that matters remain in statu quo here, both internally and externally.

SECRETARY GRESHAM SURPRISED.

He Refuses to Express an Opinion Upon the News from Hawaii.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—Secretary Gresham was furnished with a copy of the Associated Press bulletin announcing that Minister Willis had presented his credentials to the provisional government of Hawaii without making any reference to the restoration of the queen. He seemed greatly surprised, but absolutely refused to express any opinion upon the news thus conveyed. His entire manner indicated that he did not consider the news as reliable or that he entertained the opinion that it did not cover the entire situation. He opened his mouth only to laugh. It was supposed that he did not wish to express any opinion, until he should receive an official statement from Mr. Willis, and this was the interpretation put upon his silence by people intimately associated with him in the department.

"No wonder," said one of these gentlemen, "if Gresham views this announcement with incredulity. Compare it with his letter to the president and see how inconsistent this reported conduct on the part of Mr. Willis would appear to Mr. Gresham."

The department is on the tiptoe of expectation for news of an official character detailing Mr. Willis' actions. Anxious as the public general is upon this question there is no one on the outside whose concern is more than faint compared to that felt in the department, from the secretary down. It is more apparent than ever that there will be extreme disappointment if Mr. Willis' dispatches do not convey information of some positive step upon his part looking to the restoration of Liliuokalina as queen.

STRIKE ON THE LEHIGH.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen Tie Up the Road.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 20.—There is a complete tie-up on the Lehigh system. Of the 457 firemen on the system 425 voted to strike when President Wilbur declined to meet representatives of the organization of firemen, engineers, conductors, trainmen and operators who have a federation on the system. The issue, said Grand Master Sargent of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was solely the recognition of organized labor, and has to be fought out. If the strike be long continued he believes it will spread to other systems. Mr. Sargent lays particular stress on the fact that General Manager Voorhees has always heretofore been an enthusiastic advocate of organized labor. He also calls attention to the fact that in the many settlements of disputes with railway systems this year the railway managers have invariably expressed the opinion that but for the opportunity to deal with representatives of the organizations there would have been disastrous strikes.

The Lehigh strike is the first ever ordered in this country by a federation of the organizations and for that reason promises to be stubbornly contested. It is Mr. Sargent's opinion that members of the organizations will take the view that their organizations must show whether or not the protective features of their laws justifies the paying of assessments. The storm center of the strike is at Wilkesbarre and the tie-up appears to be effectual from that point on to Buffalo. From New York to Allentown the officials have little difficulty in keeping the road open, expect at Easton. From Allentown to Wilkesbarre the operation of the line has been greatly hampered by the determined stand of the employes at Wilkesbarre and beyond. The New Jersey Central and Delaware and Lackawanna men declare they will not handle any Lehigh Valley freight, and that they will quit first. The situation looks serious.

MELLO'S LATEST MOVE.

The Admiral Proclaims Prince Pedro Emperor of Brazil.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—The news received here from Madrid to the effect that Admiral de Mello has proclaimed Prince Pedro emperor of Brazil is much commented upon and confirmation or denial of the report is anxiously expected. The news, however, is generally accepted as being correct; it comes here from other sources in addition to the dispatch from Madrid already referred to. The Exchange Telegraph company says that Admiral de Mello had proclaimed Prince Pedro as emperor, he put to sea with several of his ships in order to intercept President Peixoto's new transports, which are conveying supplies of men, ammunition and provisions to the existing government at Rio de Janeiro. It is not believed however, that the insurgent admiral is certain of intercepting the transports, as the point of debarkation of the munitions of war is believed to have been kept a secret.

ADMIRAL MELLO.

Sioux City Firm in Trouble.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Nov. 18.—The National bank of Sioux City took possession of the stock of C. G. Culver & Co., a leading dry goods firm here, under chattle mortgage for $5,000 and a bill of sale. No assignment has been made but the place of business is closed. The liabilities of the firm other than to the bank and a landlord's lien to the Boston Investment company for the unexpired term of the lease are small. The failure was precipitated by the consolidation of two banks involving the closing up of the business of the National bank of Sioux City.

Verdict in the Battle Creek Wreck.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Nov. 16.—The coroner's jury impaneled to inquire into the cause of the Grand Trunk wreck on Oct. 20, rendered the following verdict: "We find that the said collision was caused by gross disobedience of orders given by the train dispatchers; that Conductor Bertram N. Scott and Engineer Harry Woolley of train No. 6, east-bound, are guilty of criminal negligence in running past their meeting point at which they had positive orders to stop."

Struck an Underground Lake.

WINDSOR, Ills., Nov. 17.—While Waggoner Bros. were boring a well on the farm of George Thompson, four miles northeast of this city, and had reached the depth of fifty-eight feet, the auger dropped in what is supposed to be an underground lake. The water raised to within twenty feet of the top of the well, and in testing the capacity of the well they pumped up several small fish, which were perfectly white in color and without eyes and of the Grinnell species.

Entire City To Be Sold for Taxes.

WHEELING, W. Va., Nov. 17.—The novel sight of an entire city being sold for the non-payment of taxes will be witnessed in Kanawha county next month, when Sheriff Silman will offer for sale to the highest bidder 3,000 lots in Kanawha City—practically the entire place. Kanawha City was one of the unfortunate boom towns which promised to make millions for all investors a couple of years ago, but where as yet the millions have failed to materialize.

Cuban Revolution Ended.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—General Jose Marti, representative of the Independent party of Cuba in the United States, received a dispatch to the effect that the Cuban rebellion is at an end and that the insurgents have surrendered. He said he was in possession of full information in regard to the rebellion, but he could not make it public.

"Hold Your Wheat" Circular.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 20.—The farmers in the northwest, realizing the shortage of wheat, have held several meetings to discuss the situation and decry the causes of the unprecedentedly low prices in the face of this shortage. As a result a "hold your wheat" circular has been issued from Pierre.

Train Robbers Sentenced.

DETROIT, Nov. 18.—A special to The News from Hancock, Mich., says: Ed Hogan and Dominick W. Hogan, convicted of complicity in the $75,000 Mineral Range robbery, were each sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Marquette state prison.

FRENCH VANDALS.

Three Young Canadians Try to Use Dynamite.

CLOSE CALL FOR A NELSON STATUE.

One of the Trio the Son of Ex-Premier Mercier, of Montreal—Their Plot Betrayed and All Arrested and Bailed in a Large Sum—Outbreak of French Hatred of Everything British Incited by the Newspapers.

MONTREAL, Nov. 21.—Three French-Canadian law students named Honore Mercier, son of the ex-Premier Mercier, of Quebec; Paul Demartigny, and Alphonse Pellard were arrested while attempting to blow up the historic monument to England's great naval hero, Admiral Nelson, which stands at the top of Jacques Cartier square, facing the city hall. The night before detectives on duty at police headquarters were informed that several Frenchmen had entered into a conspiracy to blow up the monument.

Made the Detectives Laugh.

They laughed at the idea and regarded the whole affair as a joke, or the vagary of some crank. The plot thickened, however, when a second informant arrived at the station and whispered into the ear of Detective Suthergill confirmation of the plot. He was informed that midnight was the hour selected for the consummation of this second edition of the famous plot of Guy Fawkes.

Captured Almost in the Act.

The police concealed themselves around the square in dark doorways and waited. About 3 a. m. the forms of three men appeared sleathily approaching the now deserted monument, but before the Nelson haters could accomplish their despicable purpose the police ran out and made them prisoners. They affected indifference, one of them loudly declaring that the "thing" had no right there anyway and should be made mincemeat of. They were promptly hustled across the street to the Central station and locked up, after giving their names as already mentioned.

Had the Dynamite with Them.

On the person of Paul Demartigny was found a dynamite cartridge nearly a foot long and about thirty feet of fuse. The prisoners were brought up before Judge Desnoyers and charged with the crime. They entered a formal plea of not guilty. The accused were admitted to bail in securities for a large amount, their friends being willing to put up any quantity of money to have them liberated.

Incited to Action by the Press.

There is no doubt the young men were incited to attempt the outrage from reading the fierce articles which have been published in the French papers here during the past few months against the monument. Their innate hatred of everything British was fired and they determined that the statue of the hero of Trafalgar should bite the dust. What right had the conqueror of the French naval forces to be honored in the city right under the noses of the French people? And their answer was the plot.

Bad Blood on Both Sides.

The trio range from 18 to 20 years old, and all belong to good families. There is a great deal of suppressed excitement throughout the city, and while the French papers try to make light of the affair there is plenty of bad blood on both sides which needs but a spark to rekindle the racial flames which it was hoped had died out some time ago.

NOT MUCH OF A SWINDLE.

The Forgery of Railway Tickets Was Discovered Very Promptly.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 21.—Assistant General Passenger Agent Bassett, of the Pittsburg and Western Railroad company, said that his line was swindled on about sixty-seven tickets from Chicago to Pittsburg during the recent counterfeiting of railroad passenger coupons. All the tickets were imitations of returning portions of round trip tickets, and meant a loss of about $8 each to the company. The fraud began early in October, but was discovered and stopped before the close of the month, the gentlemen at Chicago being apprised of the imitations.

They turned away all people who presented such tickets. Chicago scalpers at once stopped the sales of the counterfeits, and are now working in conjunction with the road in trying to discover the perpetrators of the offense. The ticket brokers do not know who sold the tickets. Mr. Bassett does not think the issue of the coupons exceeded 200.

Will Likely Adopt the Income Tax.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—The ways and means committee will probably give out the new tariff bill on Monday next the 27th instant. The income tax provision is still held in abeyance until the amount of revenue likely to be raised under the other provisions of the bill is ascertained, though there seems to be no doubt of its final adoption.

Charge Against a Statesman.

OMAHA, Nov. 21.—A special to The Bee from Lincoln says: A. J. Hoover, one of the proprietors of the Hotel Lindell, of this city, went before Deputy County Attorney Collins and swore out a complaint against Congressman W. A. McKeighan, of the Fifth Nebraska district, charging him with "beating his board bill."

"Black Bart" Sent to the Asylum.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Nov. 21. — "Black Bart" Halzhay, the Gogebic highwayman and murderer, has been removed to the asylum for the criminal insane at Ionia. Halzhay killed a number of people in Wisconsin and Michigan three years ago, robbed trains, country postoffices and committed other depredations.

Car Shops at Chicago Burned.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—The Chicago and Grand Trunk railroad's repair shops and big storehouse at Fiftieth street and Kedzie avenue were entirely destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at $100,000, and 200 men are temporarily at least, thrown out of employment.

Will Revive the Silver Question.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—Chairman Bland, of the committee on coinage, weights, and measures, is preparing a bill, which he will introduce at the opening of the next session, in effect re-enacting the law of Jan. 18, 1837, which is free coinage of silver, 16 to 1.

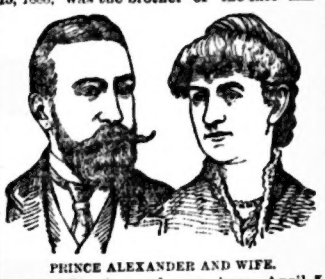
Gen. Rusk to Surely Recover.

VROQUA, Wis., Nov. 21.—Nothing has occurred to change the opinions of General Rusk's physicians as to his condition, and they believe he is on the sure road to recovery.

DEATH OF A PRINCE.

Alexander of Battenberg, Recently Prince of Bulgaria, Is Dead.

GRATZ, Nov. 18.—Prince Alexander of Battenberg is dead. Prince Alexander Joseph of Battenberg, recently Prince of Bulgaria, was the son of Prince Alexander of Battenberg (Hesse) who died Dec. 15, 1888, was the brother of the late Em-



PRINCE ALEXANDER AND WIFE.

press of Russia, and was born April 5, 1857. Prince Alexander served in the Russian army during the war with Turkey; he was elected hereditary prince of Bulgaria, April 29, 1879. The prince by consenting to the union of the two Bulgarias, incurred the displeasure of the czar and his position became more and more difficult until in August, 1886, when part of his army, instigated by Russian agents, it is said, revolted and forced him to sign his abdication.

On Jan. 11, 1889, the prince took the name of "Comte de Hartenau," and in the month following married a celebrated actress, Fraulein Amalia Louisinger, and retired to his estate here. The prince has recently been suffering from peritonitis and inflammation of the bowels.

REPORT OF MR. BLOUNT.

Minister Stevens to Blame for the Situation in Hawaii.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—The Herald prints under a Washington date what purports to be a large portion of the report of Commissioner Blount. It sums up as follows: Commission Blount's report will show that Minister Stevens landed the troops from the Boston long before there was any valid excuse for their presence on Hawaiian soil; that he declined to remove them when requested to do so by the government and informed that the authorities were willing and fully able to preserve order and to protect American interests; that these troops were stationed across the street from the government building in which Minister Stevens knew the revolutionists were about to read their proclamation and that the revolutionist's committee relied upon the American troops to protect them in this act of rebellion; that Mr. Stevens recognized the provisional government according to a preconceived programme before that government had obtained possession of the departments and military power at Honolulu and that the military power was surrendered, as the queen surrendered, only through awe of the superior force of the United States.

COSTLY CONFLAGRATION.

Fire at Kansas City Causes a Loss of $400,000.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 20.—The Western Storage and Warehouse company's building, which was burned, was the principal storehouse in the west of the National Cordage company's products. After the failure of the concern last spring vast quantities of twine were shipped here from Chicago, Omaha, Denver and other points. The Deering company attached in this city in May 1,500,000 pounds of twine belonging to the cordage trust which was valued at $220,000 and insured for $165,000. This stock was subsequently replevined by Drexel, Morgan & Co., Brown Bros. & Ansick, the Armours and the Newby Transfer company, but it was so late in the season very little of it was sold. Since then additions had been made to this stock of twine and the amount burned was valued at $290,000 or $300,000. The agricultural implements, buggies, whisky, raisins, etc., stored in the burned building were worth $75,000 to $80,000. The total loss caused by the fire is about $400,000.

Bold Robbery at Larned, Kan.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 17.—A special from Larned, Kan., says: One of the boldest robberies ever committed in this section occurred in this city. M. F. Campbell, harness dealer, was the victim. During the scuffle that ensued when the two robbers demanded his money, Campbell was shot through the left hand and it had to be amputated. The weapon used was a double barreled shotgun. The robbers secured $175 and escaped. A posse of armed men is in pursuit of them, and if caught a lynching is not improbable.

The Niethoroy Goes to Sea.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—The Brazilian cruiser Nictheroy has passed Sandy Hook. Twenty minutes later she passed the station boat outside the bar without stopping, and it is thought that she had no pilot on board. The vessel was running at half speed and headed south. She may cruise around in this vicinity for a couple of days, as Captain E. L. Zalinski is on board, and he will give instructions to those on board in the handling of the dynamite gun.

Crew Saved by Heroic Work.

VICTORIA, Tex., Nov. 20.—News has been received here of the wreck of the schooner Ada Crossman off the shore of Matagorda island on the gulf coast. She was from Lake Charles, La., and was loaded with lumber and shingles for a new colony in Calhoun county. The schooner and its cargo were a total loss, but the crew was saved by heroic work of the Salura life saving station here.

Verdict in the Rock Island Wreck.

CHICAGO, Nov. 17.—The coroner's jury investigating the Rock Island wreck at Seventy-first street, Nov. 8, returned a verdict holding the company responsible for criminal neglect. Conductor Freeman, Flagman Orton, and Collector Porter of the wrecked train, were held to the criminal court for negligence.

Suspended Pensions Restored.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—The report of Secretary of the Interior Smith, now being prepared, will show that of the 10,000 pensioners suspended, 9,000 have been already restored to the roll, and it is not improbable that the effort to sift the doubtful pensioners from those properly entitled to them will be abandoned.

The Base Ball Magnates.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—The meeting of the base ball magnates has closed. Among the conclusions reached were that there be seven umpires and that the schedule for 1894 be on the same plan as that for 1893.

STATE INTELLIGENCE

NEWS NOTES WHICH WILL BE READ WITH INTEREST.

Events Which Have Happened in the Prairie State During the Week Received by Telegraph—Home News Gathered for the Perusal of Our People.

MORRISON, Ills., Nov. 17.—The trial of Ernest Swarthout for implication in the murder of his father has ended. The jury was out all night and took all that time to come to an agreement, at first being equally divided as to guilty or innocent. It took thirteen ballots to bring all round to one way of thinking and when the verdict was read in court it was to the effect that Ernest Swarthout was guilty of murder and fixed the punishment at fourteen years in the state's prison.

Young Swarthout did not seem hopeful when he was taken to court to hear his fate, but his wife was, and when the verdict was read it was a crushing blow to her. She is young and pretty and her grief brought tears to many eyes. There was no direct proof of actual murder against Ernest. The crime was the killing of Albert M. Swarthout, a prosperous farmer and widower, who was about to marry, much to the displeasure of his grown up sons. The murder was done in Swarthout's new barn, at an early morning hour, and the boys were promptly arrested under the belief that one of them, at least, was guilty. John H. Swarthout, one of the brothers, died in jail here, leaving a confession that he alone fired the fatal shot, and that Ernest had nothing whatever to do with the act.

This confession further recites: "My brother knew nothing about the killing of father till after the fatal shot was fired. After I saw what I had done, of course I became anxious to dispose of the body and hide my crime. I went to my brother Ernest and told him what I had done and compelled him to aid me in getting the body of my father to the straw stack, and when that was done that ended entirely his doings concerning the matter. I fired the stack and made such disposition of the body as was afterward found by the officers of the law and the people."

In appeared in evidence against Ernest that he was heavily in debt to his father, who had required him to give a bill of sale of every dollars' worth of property that he owned, and even the crops on his father's farm that he was working and the crop on his own farm of twenty acres.

SAID HIS FATHER LIVED.

Inquest on the Skeletons Found in the McClelland Pond.

CENTRALIA, Ills., Nov. 21.—The second session of the coroner's inquest on the skeletons found in the McClelland pond closed without completing its work. Thirty-four witnesses were examined by State's Attorney Jennings, making fifty in all who have given evidence since the investigation commenced. Two strong points of identification were brought out. Daniel Copple and Jacob Anderick gave testimony as to a gold-filled tooth belonging to Alex McClelland, one of the men who disappeared suddenly from this vicinity in 1881. When the jawbone of the skeleton containing the filled tooth was handed to Copple he examined it closely and remarked: "That looks awfully like Alex's tooth." Copple and McClelland were much together. The old pocketbook found with the bones was also declared to be exactly like one Alex McClelland carried. Other witnesses corroborated Copple's statements.

George Tephar of St. Louis testified that John A. McClelland told him one year ago that his father was dead. William Zaeller testified that John told him that his father died in Texas. John A. McClelland's testimony was that the last time he heard from his father he was in Mexico herding sheep, and he has stated repeatedly since this excitement has come up that his father is yet alive. The coroner adjourned the inquest to Friday, Nov. 24, at which time about twenty more witnesses will be examined.

Nine Prisoners Break Jail.

MOUNT VERNON, Ills., Nov. 18.—Nine of the fourteen prisoners in the county jail made their escape. They were permitted to remain in the corridors of the jail during the day and managed to bend the iron bars in the upper windows sufficiently to permit them to escape. All would have escaped had not the jailer made his appearance. Five of the escaped prisoners were held for burglary, one for forgery, one for criminal assault, one for gambling and one for assault with intent to murder. Officers are in pursuit.

Illinois Steel Mills Resume.

JOLIET, Nov. 21.—The Illinois Steel mills have resumed, after being shut down for eleven months. A vast amount of repairing has been done, and it is at present thought that the mill will run steadily all winter. Never since the mills have located here have they been shut down for so long a period as during the past year. The starting of the mills will be a great relief to hundreds of men and women here.

Mysterious Murder.

JACKSONVILLE, Ills., Nov. 21.—The little town of Meredosia, on the Illinois river in the western border of Morgan county, is all excitement over the mysterious murder of George Rausch, who was shot through the head by some person unknown. Rausch was uncouscious when found and was unable to tell who committed the deed. He died soon after being removed to his house.

Literally Cut to Pieces.

MORRISON, Ill., Nov. 18.—Charles Andrews, owner and manager of Andrews' Opera company, now playing here, was walking on the track when he met a freight train. He stepped over to the other track and was struck by the Omaha express, thrown under the freight train, which passed over him, literally cutting him to pieces.

Blew Open the Safe.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 17.—Burglars entered the West Shaft coal office, blew open the safe and secured $300 in cash. They also entered and looted Elshoff & Sons' grocery store. An army of tramps in camp in the western part of the city are thought to be responsible for both robberies.

Fire at Peoria.

PEORIA, Ills., Nov. 20.—Fire broke out in W. G. Putnam's 10-cent store from a defective flue and caused a loss of $30,000; partially covered by insurance.

Complete election returns received at Salt Lake, Utah, give the legislature to the Republicans on joint ballot by six votes.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Short Paragraphs About the Happenings of a Week.

Milo T. Bogard, who promoted and wrecked the Western Union Building association in St. Louis, has been indicted for forgery.

Richard Cross died at Oshkosh, Wis., from the effects of an attempt to kill himself. He was the black sheep of a wealthy family and inherited a large sum of money at majority.

For the ten months ended Oct. 31 last the reduction in the value of exports of breadstuffs and provisions, compared with the same period in 1892, was respectively $42,487,957 and $21,457,493.

Ex-Congressman John W. Glover was granted $57,000 damages at St. Louis in his suit for $150,000 against the Casualty and Security company for publishing him a defaulter.

Fred Anderson, while fighing with his brother at Paducah, Ky., accidentally stabbed to the heart Lee Holland, a friend who slipped between the belligerents. Anderson escaped.

The National Tobacco Manufacturers' association adopted a resolution asking congress to impose a tax of 8 cents a pound on leaf tobacco in broken packages.

* * *

Two severe shocks of earthquake were experienced in Dominica, West Indies, Oct. 14 last.

Patrick J. Conley of Woonsocket, R. I., superintendent of the Woonsocket Rubber works at that place, was killed by a cable car in New York.

Andrew Nestlehut died at Indianapolis from the effects of an assault upon him in a saloon several weeks ago.

Senator H. M. Teller was given a public reception by citizens of Colorado at Denver.

Secretary Hoke Smith's law firm at Atlanta has been dissolved.

Suicides. At Clinton, Ia., John McLaughlin, by shooting; cause, financial embarrassment. At St. Louis, George J. Williams, by shooting; cause, disease.

The railroad chapel car evangelist, the Rev. Boston Smith, is meeting with great success in the northwest. Mr. Smith was the first missionary to utalize the railway car as a chapel.

* * *

W. H. Gibbs, ex-postmaster at Jackson, Miss., was indicted for embezzing $3,920 from the government.

J. S. Clarkson has written to a friend in Washington that he is not a candidate for senator from Iowa and never has been.

The house chosen for Monsignor Satolli in Washington is the old home of Stephen A. Douglas and the late Justice Bradley.

Burglars sawed a hole from the floor above, and, with a rope for a ladder, carried away $5,000 worth of old coins from J. J. Bretto's New Orleans office.

Walter S. Bridges of Illinois, Charles W. Freeman of Missouri and Harry M. Westfall of Illinois have been appointed special examiners in the pension office.

M. J. Andrews was killed and Henry Trevernow fatally injured by falling rock in the Tamarack mine, Michigan.

Two postoffice robbers broke jail at Chamberlain, S. D.

Miss Mary A. Whitney of Pettis county, Mo., has been missing since last Saturday and a search has been instituted.

* * *

Joseph Walker, Jr., of New York, has been appointed receiver of the Winona and Southwestern railroad.

Governor McKinley is to speak at the banquet of the Home Market club in Boston on the evening of the 12th.

A warrant was sworn out at Meridian, Miss., charging Sigfried Steiner, president of the Thomas-Houston company, with offering aldermen bribes to vote for an ordinance awarding his company a contract.

Workmen who have been digging trenches on Main street, Galena, Ills., have during the last two days found nearly one thousand pounds of slag, which has been sold to smelters.

Charles Schumann, teaching school in Boone county, Ia., dropped dead in the school room.

The assignees of the defunct Ford County bank at Paxton, Ills., have realized $12,826 from the sale of real estate belonging to R. Blackstock, president of the bank.

In a dispute over land at Grenville, N. C., Abner Slaughter and Dore Smith were shot and killed.

* * *

Denver real estate men at their annual banquet condemned the extra session of the legislature, which Governor Waite says he will call, as unnecessary.

Henry Zink, publisher of The Southern Wheelman, was arrested by a postoffice inspector at Louisville for sending immoral pictures through the mails.

When the assignees of the failed Gunckel bank at Middletown, O., opened the safe $35 was found.

The Cincinnati authorities are in open rebellion against the state board of health which has ordered compulsory vaccination of school children.

John Rutherford was hanged at Trenton, Ga. He was among the convicts who killed two guards in trying to escape prison at Coal City in 1891.

Eyesight Saved

After Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia and other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled to thoroughly purify the blood and give needed strength. Read this:

Clifford Blackman.

"My boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, leaving him very weak and with blood poisoned with cankers. His eyes became inflamed, his sufferings were intense, and for 7 weeks he could not even open his eyes. I took him to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, but their remedies did him no good. I began giving him **Hood's Sarsaparilla** which soon cured him. I know it saved his sight, if not his very life." ABBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 37 [illegible], 186 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 25, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Modjeska.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Marie Tavary.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—The Bostonians.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—George Thatcher in "A Parish Priest."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Blue Jeans."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Rivals."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Howard Athenæum Company.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"A Brass Monkey."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
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"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

WHIG TREACHERY IN IRELAND.

The miserable double dealing Whigs, of the Gladstone cabinet, are showing their teeth in Ireland with a vigor that reminds us of "the resources of civilization" epoch, and the very worst days of Balfour's reign at "the Castle." The right of public assembly in Ireland is practically prohibited and Mr. Morley, yielding to the "vigorous" Mr. Asquith's representations, is stultifying himself in his capacity of "home rule" Irish secretary. Proceedings have been already initiated against several leading Irishmen, for assembling peaceably in defiance of a Russian proclamation from Dublin Castle, which prohibited their constitutional prerogative. The *Irish Independent*, of Nov. 7, dealing editorially with the matter, says:

"Ireland has been the grave of greater reputations than Mr. Morley's. Tomorrow his police officers will prosecute eleven men, two of them members of parliament, and one an ex-member of parliament, for alleged unlawful assembly and illegal building on the DeFreyne estate. Messrs. Patrick O'Brien, John Fitzgibbon, John Lavin, and Dominic Mulligan have each been served with three summonses. Messrs. William Field, M.P.; Luke Hayden, M.P.; P. Conroy, Castlerea; and Edward King, Feigh, are named in two; while Owen Mahon, Clonmaul; Martin Roddy, do; and James Creighton, Feigh, are set down as defendants in one. The entire of the eleven prospective 'criminals' are charged that they did on Sunday, Oct. 29, at Lisacul, 'Take part in an unlawful assembly—that is to say did, with a number of persons whose names are unknown, to the number of twenty and more, assemble together with intent unlawfully to retake forcible possession of certain evicted farms on the DeFreyne estate in the county of Roscommon.' The second summons charges Messrs. Pat O'Brien, of Castlerea; John Fitzgibbon, Castlerea; William Field, M.P., Sandycove, Dublin; Luke P. Hayden, M. P., Roscommon; Patrick Conroy, of Castlerea; Dominick Mulligan, Loughglynn, and Edward King, Feigh, with 'having entered into a farm of land on the De Freyne estate, in the county of Roscommon, lately occupied by one Barrett, and did unlawfully and illegally build and erect a house or tenement thereon on the 30th of October.' In the third summons it is charged against Messrs. O'Brien, Fitzgibbon, Lavin, and Mulligan, that they took part in an unlawful assembly on the 31st of October, and illegally erected a house on the farm lately occupied by 'one Barrett.'"

In another editorial, dealing with the same matter, the *Independent* says:

"Assuredly there is no slough in all the morasses of the De Freyne estate in county Roscommon that is blacker or worse in any respect than is the bog-hole into which the chief secretary has plunged. Neither Mr. Morley nor Mr. Balfour thinks much about the sufferings of the unfortunate people who have for years endured the agony of hope deferred; who have been taught to rely upon the good will of the English and to expect restoration to their holdings as the consequence of British party politics. They do not think much of the unhappy victims of such landlordism as manifested itself a week ago in the vicinity of Castlerea. Mr. Morley prosecutes a man because at the peril of his life he saved a child from being burned to death beneath the blazing thatch and rafters of its parents' house at Lisacul. What worse did Mr. Balfour ever do? Unfortunate people were cast out upon the roadside, and their friends and neighbors who tried to put a sheltering roof over their heads are prosecuted for 'unlawful assembly'—whatever that may mean in the jargon of British law. What worse did Mr. Balfour do? But it is a blessed privilege to have a Liberal government in Ireland, to have Mr. Morley in Dublin Castle, and to have the branches of the Whig Federation nominating J.P's all over the country! Who will say, with such facts before his eyes, that the slaying of Parnell was not a famous achievement? The very men who offered pledges to the Irish people on behalf of the English Liberals that the evicted tenanants would be restored, and who have violated their faith—these are the men who find themselves forced to condemn Mr. Morley for the aid that he has lent to the evictors, for his prosecution of men like John Fitzgibbon and Patrick O'Brien, for the weakness and cowardice that have distinguished his administration."

Well, it is the same old, wearisome story. No Englishman can rule Ireland well, for the simple reason that no Englishman has any natural or moral right to rule her at all. He is simply an interloper, an intermeddler and brazen usurper. The Irish landlords may make terms with the English ruler, because they are only a section and aid in destroying their dependent countrymen. The Irish Orangemen may make terms with the English ruler, because they are his garrison. The Irish Catholic hierarchy may make terms with the British minister for church grants and privileges, but the Irish nation, as a whole, can make no such terms, unless it forces them. If all Ireland would unite, for a month, even, it would compel the English minister to come to terms. But there seems to be no indication of this, and, therefore, the only thing Irish patriots can do is, like the men of Roscommon, and their friends, to struggle, suffer and hope.

BEWARE OF THY WINDPIPE, SEXTON.

It is stated that Archbishop Walsh has advised Thomas Sexton, M. P., to accept office—something on the "National" Board of Education—from Gladstone. Mr. Sexton, before accepting the Archbishop's counsel, will, it is said, consult his colleagues. Visions of the Pope's Brass Band, Sadlier's public robbery, and, under the circumstances, commendable suicide; and "So help me God," perjured Keogh's judicial murders and final self-throat-slitting—also, in his particular case, commendable—arise before us. We believe certain former Archbishops of Dublin also advised the wretched humans mentioned to take office "under the Crown." Sexton! There is blood and corruption in the very touch of English office for a decent Irishman, who, however, is no longer decent after he accepts. Though fifty Archbishops advise thee to accept the fatal and ignominious gift, refuse. Thou art not an Archbishop, Thomas, but a plain, unmitred sinner. Refuse, or, remembering Sadlier and Keogh, armor thy windpipe with steel.

DEATH OF GEN. RUSK.

Gen. Jeremiah M. Rusk, ex-secretary of agriculture, and one of the most prominent figures in American public life for many years, died at his home, in Viroqua, Wis., after a long illness, on Tuesday, in the 64th year of his age. He was a native of Morgan county, O., and was educated in the public schools of his neighborhood. He worked on a farm, drove stage, and, moving to Wisconsin, opened a hotel, which he ran successfully for some years. He served in the state legislature for a few terms before the war, and succeeded in having Bad Axe county, in which he lived, re-christened Vernon county. He enlisted in 1862 and was elected major of the Twenty-fifth Wisconsin Volunteers, and served with conspicuous gallantry throughout Sherman's memorable campaigns, including the March to the Sea. He rose, by sheer force of bravery, from step to step, until he became brigadier general, and was mustered out of the service, at the close of the war, with that rank. On his return, his fellow-citizens delighted to honor him, and elected him state bank comptroller for several terms. In 1870 he was elected to congress, and served continuously until 1877. He was offered a South American mission in 1881, but declined, ran on the Republican ticket for governor of Wisconsin and was triumphantly elected. He was twice re-elected by large majorities, as he was a prime favorite with the masses of the people, irrespective of party. His last term as governor ended in 1889. President Harrison recognized his services by making him secretary of agriculture, a position for which he was eminently fitted. On the second accession of Cleveland, Gen. Rusk retired to his Wisconsin home, where he passed in tranquility the last years of his useful and honorable life. His wife and several grown up children survive him.

Gen. Rusk may truly be called a typical American. He was proud of being the architect of his own fortunes, possessed dauntless courage, both moral and physical, and loved the common people, from whom he sprang. That they loved him in return, his phenomenal success as a candidate for public office fully demonstrated. In person Gen. Rusk was very tall and well built, with a strong, handsome face and a luxuriant white beard, which made him look at least fifteen years older than he really was. Anyone, and everyone, could approach him when in office, and have a kind word from him, if nothing more substantial, although he always tried to do the right thing by every worthy applicant. THE CITIZEN is sincerely sorry for brave, manly, genial "Uncle Jerry" Rusk, whose life came so prematurely to a close. Disease of the prostate gland—a relic of his war service—was the superinducing cause of death. Otherwise he was perfectly sound and bade fair to live far into the next century. The whole country will unite in mourning for this good man, who was, as we have said, an American type of manhood which we would like to see mightily multiplied for the country's good.

MR. JOHN O'SHEA.

The Irish papers, of recent date, contain an account of a severe accident to Mr. John O'Shea, the Dean of Irish journalism. He was crossing Castle street, Nenagh, on business, when a cab, driven furiously, knocked him down and ran over him. Fortunately a few cuts and contusions formed the extent of his injuries. Mr. O'Shea is 86 years old, and has been in journalism nearly seventy years—a record without parallel. He is the father of the celebrated war correspondent and litterateur of the London press and magazines, John Augustus O'Shea. His second son, William, who gave promise of a bright career, died a few years ago while conducting the London bureau of the Dublin *Freeman*. His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, is the wife of Mr. Dillon, a leading lawyer of British India. His second daughter, Marian, is the wife of Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt, of New York, ex-Congressman and Minister to Holland. His youngest daughter, Miss Maggie O'Shea, resides with the old gentleman in Nenagh, and is the main consolation of his declining years. His wife, who was sister of the late Peter E. Gill, journalist; and Robert E. Gill, civil engineer, Nenagh; and aunt of T. P. Gill, ex-M. P., died several years ago.

Mr. O'Shea was, in his younger days, quite a distinguished poet; and has always been a man of note in general literature. As a practical newspaper man, he had few equals in Great Britain and Ireland. He is of middle height, with a handsome face, always smooth shaven, and has a pair of luminous blue eyes that indicate the man of genius. Although not an aggressive patriot, his love of Ireland is intense, and no inducement could make him live out of sight of Keeper Hill, which dominates the beautiful hills and vales of Lower Ormond. The poems he has written in praise of Irish scenery, and the legends of the ancient days he has published from time to time, would, if collected, make a most desirable addition to the new National Library of Ireland. THE CITIZEN rejoices that Mr. O'Shea is still spared to his country and his family, and hopes he may live to see the XXth century well on its journey over the road of Time.

HON M. V. GANNON.

The Hon. M. V. Gannon, formerly of Davenport, Ia., and, more recently, of Omaha, Neb., is now practicing law in this city, room 42, Metropolitan Block, 163 Randolph street, in partnership with Mr. Bernard Dolan. The firm name is Gannon & Dolan. Mr. Gannon resided for more than twenty years in Burlington, Ia., and was elected to the common council of that city in 1878, but resigned in order to devote more time to the duties of his profession. In the fall of the same year, he was nominated for the clerkship of the supreme court by the Democratic party, but declined it, accepting, however, the nomination for district attorney. After a spirited contest he was defeated, but, receiving the same nomination, in 1882, he defeated his former opponent by the comfortable majority of 3,464 votes. In 1884, against his earnest protest, made from the platform of the convention hall, he was nominated for attorney general, and, of course, went down with the rest of the state ticket. He was subsequently nominated for other offices, as a leader of his party's forlorn hope, and always suffered at the polls, because he was an Irishman and a Catholic, at the hands of the bigots in both parties.

As district attorney, Mr. Gannon had the greatest record of convictions ever made in the district. The office was finally abolished, and county attorneys were created, in order to give greater effect to the prohibitory enactments, which, then as now, tore friends and neighbors apart in Iowa. Mr. Gannon moved to Omaha about six years ago, and practiced very successfully. He was nominated for clerk of the district court by his party, but the whole ticket was snowed under mostly, it is alleged, by the influence of anti-Catholic societies. During Mr. Gannon's career as a lawyer, in Omaha, he tried over one hundred jury cases and lost only three, one of which he caused to be reversed in the supreme court, and the other two are still pending there.

He was elected president of the Irish National League, after the resignation of John Fitzgerald, of Lincoln, Neb., and recently tendered his resignation, which, however, has not been accepted. Mr. Gannon is an accomplished orator, powerful before a jury, and pleasing on the platform. He is also a devoted lover of Irish liberty. In this great city, his fine talents will have full scope, and THE CITIZEN hopes for him a most prosperous career.

PUNISH THE SCOUNDRELS.

It is now announced that Mr. Daniel J. Deasey, of South Chicago, Republican candidate for county commissioner, has been infamously and notoriously counted out by the corrupt or cowardly "judges" and "clerks" of election of the 29th precinct of the 30th ward. It is alleged that they destroyed, or made away with in some infamous manner, a number of official ballots, so that the people who came to vote in the afternoon could not vote at all. Not satisfied with this, they, it is further alleged, carried away the ballot box, and kept it for an hour or more, which is in direct defiance of law. Mr. Deasey will, of course, contest the case. If the "judges" and "clerks" are indicted, as we hope they will be, and found guilty as charged, they are liable to go to Joliet for not less than five, or more than ten years. The penalty is too light. The miscreants ought to be hanged or imprisoned for life. They have committed treason against popular rights—treason against the people, whose constitution and laws they trampled under their miserable feet. We regret to observe that some of the alleged malfactors bear Irish names. THE CITIZEN has no sympathy with blackguards and lawbreakers, whether they are Irish or not. On the contrary, we would give Irish law defiers, if we had the power, the very heaviest punishment the law allows. They are a disgrace to Ireland and a curse to America. Mr. Deasey, by the way, is an Irishman by birth, sincerely devoted to the cause of Irish liberty and to the interests of his adopted country. The respectable Democrats of this city should join heartily in the prosecution of the unspeakable vagabonds who perpetrated such an outrage on free American institutions.

BONAPARTE'S RELATIONS WITH IRISH PATRIOTS.

The current issue of the *Century* contains some hitherto unpublished items in reference to Bonaparte's relations with the United Irishmen. Speaking of Ireland, he said that he had arranged everything with that country, and if he could have got safely over to it the force he intended sending, the party there was so strongly in his favor that he had every reason to suppose he would have succeeded in possessing himself of the entire island. He moreover informed his interviewer that "he had kept up constant communication with the disaffected party, which he averred was by no means confined to the Roman Catholics, but had also a very large proportion of Protestants. He said he invariably acquiesced in everything they wished for, leaving all arrangements respecting the country, religion, etc., entirely to themselves, his grand and only object being to gain the advantageous point for him of separating Ireland from England. He said those who came to him from Ireland generally came and returned through London, by which means he obtained from them information respecting both countries: and they crossed the channel backward and forward with little risk or difficulty by means of his friends the smugglers."

So far, so good, but Bonaparte in this chat—which he had with one of his special English jailers on his way to St. Helena—did not state why it was that he abandoned the idea of an invasion of Ireland. Talleyrand, the great statesman and diplomatist, was constantly urging him to undertake such an enterprise, advocating the establishment of an Irish republic—not only as a matter of justice to a race that had shed its blood bravely and devotedly for France in the past, but also as a fit and proper castigation of England, the enemy alike of France and Ireland. When the project seemed to be on the point of materializing, Turner, a professional United Irishman, but in reality a miserable informer in the pay of the English government, approached Talleyrand, and endeavored to obtain from that official the probable date of the invasion of Ireland. The Frenchman politely declined to oblige him on the grounds that such a secret could not be divulged till the signal was given for the fleet's departure. The astute diplomatist may have suspected the loyalty of the wily envoy, who, if he could have secured the desired information, would at once have it communicated to Pitt, in order that England might be all the better prepared to defend her Irish possessions against the designs of Bonaparte.

Talleyrand was assisted in his efforts to influence the first consul in the direction of Ireland's deliverance from Anglo-Saxon thraldom by Theobald Wolfe Tone and other Irish revolutionists then residing in the French capital. Bonaparte in after days had several interviews with Emmet, to whom he pledged his word that he would strike the contemplated blow for Irish liberty at the first favorable occasion that would present itself. Some historical authorities aver that the first consul shamefully broke his word with the Irish patriots. Others seek to palliate Bonaporte's conduct by the allegation that he could not have taken immediate action owing to the contradictory reports of the leading United Irishmen at home, some of whom were of the opinion that Ireland was prepared to support him, while others held an opposite view on the matter. It is certain, however, that the latter gentlemen were, as Bonaparte himself subsequently discovered, quite mistaken in their notions of the then political situation in Ireland. The country was banded together against the brutalities of the English soldiers and yeomanry, and at least 100,000 Irishmen would have followed the lead of "Boney," as he was affectionately called by the peasantry, if he had landed on the Irish coast, and would have ended the suffering and serfdom of centuries.

The sad result of the Bonaparte-Tone negotiations, however, was that instead of directing his splendidly equipped fleet toward the shores of Ireland, the first consul sailed on a useless expedition to Egypt. His second projected invasion of England, when the great camp of Boulogne was established, was baffled by the loss of the battle of Trafalgar, and by the coalition against him of Russia and Austria, and finally Prussia, which led to the great campaigns and victories of Austerlitz, Jena and Friedland. That he bitterly repented of his first fatal blunder, when it was too late, is proven by his admission to Las Cases in St. Helena to that effect. Irishmen will, however, revere the memory of this misguided soldier for the sake of Nappier Tandy, whose life he saved, and whose liberty he successfully obtained, by threat of reprisal, from his English jailers. The Napoleonic legend is furthermore so intimately interwoven with the gallant deeds of the Irish Legion who marched triumphantly over Europe under the imperial eagles that his name is still jusily venerated by the Irish race at home and abroad.

DUFFY AND GLADSTONE ON WOLFE TONE.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is improving with age. If he continues in his present mood, he will soon be the Duffy of the era of Davis all over again. The view of Wolfe Tone's character and services taken by this veteran patriot must be gall and wormwood to the grave-robber writer of the "Story of the United Irishmen" in the Dublin *Irish Catholic*. Mr. Barry O'Brien, compiler of the latest life of Wolfe Tone, has received the two following interesting letters of acknowledgment:

VILLA GUILLORY, NICE, Oct. 31, 1893.
—*My Dear O'Brien:* I have received the two handsome volumes of your "Wolfe Tone," and it is a keen satisfaction to me that nearly a hundred years after his death so splendid a monument should be raised to his memory as this *edition de luxe*. Two generations ago the British government ordered criminal proceedings to be taken against Richard Shiel because he drew from Tone's career the same moral which you draw today, and draw, I am persuaded, with the assent of just and reasonable men. Tone was an original thinker and statesman, in the largest sense of the word, and one of the makers of Ireland, as all who read this book in a thoughtful spirit will recognize.

Your introduction is clear and succinct, but lighted up with graphic touches of narrative and just reflections on the transactions recorded. It tells all a reader new to Tone needs to know in order to enjoy the exciting story set before him. I trust the munificence of Mr. Unwin in bringing out such a book on such a subject in such a style will be rewarded by a substantial success. Hereafter this edition of Tone will be recognized as John O'Donovan's costly edition of the Four Masters was recognized fifty years ago as a signal instance of the *renaissance* of Irish literature. Very faithfully yours, C. GAVAN DUFFY.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, Chester, Oct. 18, 1893.—*My Dear Sir:* I have received today the beautiful copy of your edition of Wolfe Tone's life, which, I imagine, will open to the British public a mass of interesting information hitherto practically shut out from their knowledge. I, for one, have never been able to obtain a copy of what is known as the American edition of the life. My means of reading are now much cut down from more than one cause, but I have at once read your luminous introduction, and I am of opinion that in its score of pages you convey more light on what is, perhaps, the most interesting period of Irish history than is to be found in many of the volumes relating to it. You, I think, first gave a true exposition of that most significant history of the Irish land question, and I congratulate you on the new service you have now rendered to historic truth. I remain, faithfully yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

ARREST RECKLESS DRIVERS.

Chief Brennan's order to his officers to arrest all reckless drivers, caught violating the city ordinance, is timely and humane. Drivers of hacks, grocery wagons, milk wagons and so forth, are generally the worst. Many of them are half-grown, brainless boys, who seem to grow crazy when they get behind a team. They have no regard for the rights, or even the lives, of pedestrians. When caught violating the driving ordinance, they ought to be severely punished. At least a dozen valuable lives have been lost through the carelessness, or worse, of carriage or wagon drivers during the last month. Among the more recent victims was Joseph A. Green, aged nearly 11 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Green, No. 386 Chestnut street, who was run over by a private coupe on Monday evening, in sight of his home. These wanton murders, for they are nothing else, must be stopped at any cost, and Chief Brennan deserves commendation for the action he has taken in the matter of fast driving.

THE *Leinster Leader*, which is an outspoken, independent Irish journal, in its issue of Nov. 11 says: "No amount of soft-sawder can get over the fact, as pointed out by Mr. Kelly (a Maryborough patriot) that there is no change in the means or manner of governing this country. Evictions are proceeding; landlords are acting, wherever the poverty of their tenantry enables them, with extreme severity; the police are requisitioned for their service; tenants' houses are being burned down; friends of the evicted are being prosecuted, and all around coercion redivivus reminds us of the little difference, so far as this country is concerned, between Liberals and Tories. And to teach us this thrice-repeated sad lesson, we lost the giant genius of Charles Stewart Parnell and set up the crafty Gladstone and the pigmy politicians, who are disgracing our common country by their subserviency and disgusting brawls. We are glad to see that Maryborough is maintaining its bold attitude in the struggle." THE CITIZEN quite agrees with the *Leader*. If it were not for the manly attitude of Mr. Redmond, his parliamentary associates and their friends, no visible national spirit would be left in Ireland.

AT a meeting of Division No. 4, Ancient Order of Hibernians, New Orleans, La., held on Nov. 9, strong resolutions were adopted sustaining the action of the men who hauled down the British flag from the flagstaff of the Aberdeen "Irish" village on Oct. 20, and thanking the newspapers, including THE CITIZEN and *Irish World*, which upheld the dignity of the Irish race in dealing with the matter. The action of the Aberdeens in causing the obnoxious emblem to be raised at the close of the World's Fair was severely condemned. The resolutions were signed by Dr. W. T. O'Reilly, chairman; P. W. Mulqueeny, executive officer; P. Power, P. Rooney, T. J. Griffin, and P. O'Grady.

THE Republicans seem to have decided upon the nomination of the Hon. George B. Swift for mayor at their convention, to be held on Dec. 2. Mr Swift's course as acting mayor has given general satisfaction, except to those who don't want to be satisfied with a Republican administration anyhow.

BREVET BRIG. GEN. JAMES CAVANAGH has resigned the colonelcy of the famous Sixty-ninth New York regiment, after a service therein, during war and peace, of forty-one years. The Colonel is now in his 70th year, and age, with increasing infirmity incident thereon, caused him to resign. Of late years the gallant regiment has not been up to its former high standard of efficiency, owing to factions in its ranks, and Col. Cavanagh sincerely hopes that a younger officer may be better able to enforce rigid discipline, without which any regiment, no matter how fine its material, is merely "an armed mob." We hope that the Sixty-ninth, under new conditions, will rapidly regain its old standard of efficiency.

THE Washington cabinet is attempting to force royalty down the throat of Hawaii. Hawaii would do well, should it be compelled to swallow the pill, to disgorge it at the first favorable opportunity.

THE Democrats appear to be concentrating their energies on John P. Hopkins, as they want, they say, to keep Mr. Wenter at the head of the Drainage Commission. John P., however, is apt to have some trouble if he is nominated, because he is charged with having attempted to "turn down" certain aspiring members of his party at Washington.

THE feature of the Thanksgiving eve celebration by the Union Catholic Library Association, Wednesday, Nov. 29, will be a lecture by the eloquent Matthew P. Brady. A very large attendance is anticipated.

GHASTLY and cruel evictions are still the order of the day in Ireland—though John Morley reigns in Dublin Castle! In a recently published letter Mr. John Redmond, sending $250 on behalf of his party to the evicted tenants on the Freyne estate, county Roscommon, says very logically that had these evictions and the demolition of the tenants' homesteads taken place a few years ago under Tory rule, hosts of English visitors would have come to shed political tears over the ruins, and made the world ring with denunciations of the government that tolerated such a condition of things. There is no practical difference between the Whig wolf and the Tory tiger, so far as the tenants of Ireland are concerned. These animals will help the Shylock landlords to bleed and impoverish them to the bitter end. Both pot and kettle are black.

IT is a scandalous condition of things that the United States government should by force or threats of force restore any discredited queen to her throne. The Hawaiians should have perfect liberty to choose their own rulers. A great republic ought not, moreover, be guilty of seeking to pulverize into something like life a fetid and effete monarchy.

"IRELAND FOREVER!"

This Was the Sentiment Which Animated the Great Nationalist Meeting at Central Music Hall, in Honor of the Manchester Martyrs.

The Hauling Down of the British Flag at Midway Plaisance Applauded—Whig Cajolery and Trickery Vigorously Denounced.

Speeches By Senator Mahoney, Father O'Brien and the Hon. C. A. Gallagher.

The twenty-sixth anniversary of the martyrdom of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, at Manchester, England, was appropriately celebrated at Central Music Hall on Monday evening, the 20th inst. One of the finest and most enthusiastic audiences that ever assembled there greeted the speakers of the evening, and cheered their utterances. The American and Irish flags decorated the platform. As the gathering was held under the auspices of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago, the people present showed by their approval of the sentiments uttered from the stage that they came to the hall fully imbued with the good, honest old rebel spirit, and had no use for Whiggery, or other tomfoolery of the kind.

Among those on the stage or in the audience, were noticed Hon. Joseph P. Mahoney, chairman of the meeting; Rev. Dennis P. O'Brien and Hon. C. A. Gallagher, the latter of Minneapolis, speakers of the occasion; Daniel F. O'Connor, Capt. T. J. Ford, John Dowling, J. L. McArdle, Frank D. Kinsella, James O'Toole, William Gavin, Coroner McHale, John McNeff, Hon. M. McInerney, L. R. Buckley, T. E. Ryan, Martin Mulcahy, P. B. Flanagan, Michael J. Kelly, John Powers, Lawrence Henely, H. S. Fleming, P. F. Conway, T. F. McCarthy, John McGovern, George B. Hennessy, John Dunne, Patrick Tyrrell, Stephen O'Brien, James Burke, Daniel Sullivan, John E. Long, P. G. Smyth, Cormack Cox, James O'Brien, John M. Carroll, John Foley, Daniel Corkery, W. H. Joyce, John J. O'Connell, Roger Mulcahy, James O'Neill, John E. Walsh, Frank P. Ryan, P. E. Quinn, James A. O'Connell, John Nugent, F. E. Coyle, John Donahoe, Michael Hayes, Charles F. Gallagher, Thomas Burke, John J. Mahoney, Edward O'Byrne, William McCoy, Col. Francis T. Colby, John J. McCarthy, John J. Rigney, R. J. Walsh, J. M. Crennan, T. J. McSweeney, P. H. Lynch, John W. O'Donnell, Roger C. Sullivan, Charles Brennan, M. J. Bransfield, Walter J. Gibbons, H. T. Fitzgibbon, John McNeary, John Byrne, Andrew J. Duggan, Michael Fitzgerald, John J. McKenna, and many other well known laymen.

Among the clergymen present were Rev. Fathers Hodnett, O'Connell, Smith, Reynolds, Kelly, Dore, Scanlan, Finn, Cunningham, O'Sullivan, Greene, Crowe and others.

Senator Mahoney took the chair soon after 8 o'clock and made a brief but stirring address, in which he complimented the Irish-Americans of Chicago on their splendid demonstration of that evening, and said that it was one more illustration of their devotion to the cause of liberty in Ireland. The chief business of a chairman was to be brief, and proceed to business, and, therefore, he had great pleasure in introducing the Rev. Dennis P. O'Brien, of this city, as the first speaker of the evening.

Father O'Brien, who was cordially received, delivered a very patriotic address, which breathed the soul of Irish patriotism. He dwelt at some length on the causes that led up to the martyrdom of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, whose names, he said, would never be forgotten in Ireland or the world around. When he spoke about the struggle that followed their martyrdom, under the leadership of Parnell, the name of the dead leader was cheered with a sustained vigor that seemed to rock the very foundations of the building. Everybody present was profoundly moved by the demonstration, and many said afterward, on the platform, that they wished the Irish in Ireland could see how much Parnell's memory is honored by the Irish clerics and laity, in Chicago. Father O'Brien advocated independent action in the current struggle for Irish self-government. Dependence on English political parties for anything worth having in Ireland was poor policy and worse reason. He predicted that the struggle would be terminated by the re-establishment of Ireland as a nation. (Enthusiastic cheers.)

"The Star Spangled Banner," tenor solo and quartette, led by Mr. William Foran and joined in by Misses Mary Braddock, Theresa Dunlap, and Messrs. Foran and J. J. Phelan, was very successfully rendered.

Miss Theresa Dunlap sang "The Harp That Once" in a manner that fully aroused the spirit of the audience.

Miss Mary Donahoe recited "The Siege of Cremona," which recalled one of the bravest exploits of the Irish soldiers in the service of France.

Mr. J. J. Phelan sang "The Minstrel Boy" and Miss Mary Braddock "The Last Rose of Summer," and was heartily encored.

The Address.

The address of the committee was then read by Mr. John J. O'Connell, and elicited great cheering, particularly that portion of it which related to the taking down of the British flag at Midway Plaissance. It was as follows:

FRIENDS AND FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: Six and twenty years have passed away since the heroes of Manchester gained the crown of martyrdom. The cause for which they died still trembles in the balance of the scales of fate. New doctrines seem to have supplanted in the minds of too many of our race, the old, and true gospel, that the liberty of Ireland should not depend on the good or ill will of the English people, but on the stern resolve of the Irish people to emancipate, by every honorable means within their power, their native country from the control of foreigners. Some of our people affect to believe that this can be accomplished by what is termed moral suasion alone. The history of all the nations that have battled for freedom, and achieved their object, flatly contradicts this pernicious belief. The moment that England realizes that Ireland has no other means at her disposal to achieve her end, but speech and petition, that very moment will England declare, as of old, that "concession has reached its limits," and that agitation for reform will be answered by brute force.

It may be argued that Ireland, as at present situated, has no hope save in moral suasion. Time was when the same argument was applied to Greece, to Belgium, to Hungary and to Italy. Yet, by timely preparation their hour of freedom struck, and the tyrants who ground them to the dust were overthrown by the will of the people oppressed, aided by powers whose interests conflicted with those of the oppressors. After beholding so many nations emancipated, whose situation not long ago seemed even more hopeless than that of Ireland, why should we despair?

We know that Whig principles are sought to be established among us by the traditional Whig policy of cajolery and flattery. It is sought to place us, as a people, under obligations to British Whig officeholders, who are part and parcel of the machinery of the British empire which oppresses our brethren at home, and has been the cause of our own expatriation. We feel that this is a proper place and occasion to thank those who showed by their action in Midway Plaisance, that the national sentiment of Ireland has still stern defenders in Chicago, who would not brook insult, or permit the cause of their native country to be dragged in the mire by British political tricksters.

The cause for which Allen, Larkin and O'Brien struggled and suffered, is the cause of truth, justice and humanity. It asserts the right of every nation of mankind to make its own laws and devote its native resources to the comfort and happiness of its own people. This is what Ireland demands of England, and, however long the settlement may be delayed, it must be settled, at last, in Ireland's favor.

Let us unite, then, brethren, in working for the great object of Ireland's liberation from English rule, and, in so doidg, we will erect to the memory of the men of Manchester, and all others who died for Ireland, a monument that will last forever.

CAPT. T. J. FORD, President.
JOHN P. CASEY, Secretary.
WILLIAM GAVIN, Treasurer.

Mr. Gallagher's Speech.

After some other musical numbers were disposed of, including selections on the bagpipes by "the Twoheys," the chairman introduced the Hon. C. A. Gallagher, who was warmly received.

Mr. Gallagher, after rapidly sketching Irish and American history, bearing particularly on the struggle for liberty, and giving an unmerciful drubbing to the A. P. A., concluded as follows:

In whatever country fate placed the Irish exile, there it sowed the seed of retribution. England has suffered more and fears more from the expatriated Irishman than the entire population of Ireland. England deprived her Irish subjects of the right to bear arms, only to see them lead the armies of the world. She has witnessed their valor, skill and superb military achievements upon every battle-field, and she lives in dread of the day when united in mind and heart they will marshal their combined strength against their old time foe. She knows, when that dread time shall come, that behind every rifle will gleam an eye more penetrating and poisonous than the leaden messenger of death itself. She will meet not alone the living force of Irish vengeance, but every sod will turn, every grave yield up its dead, and side by side with the living will stand the spirits of the murdered thousands guiding the hands and cheering the hearts that strike for home and vengeance. In no direction is her solicitude so anxious as in America. The very atmosphere of this country is dangerous to her cause. Here the spirit of liberty animates every heart, and men instinctively hate oppression, no matter what name it bears. England has always been active in her fight against the growth of Irish nationality—in this country; today her secret agents are at work; every time and place where your cause is at stake there will be found her influence ranged against you. She has hesitated at nothing to further her purpose, even to importing from her dominions her hybrid patriots, who, as the sewer-rats of your body politic, have collected together all that is mean, dastardly and putrid under the mystical name of the A. P. A., the American Polecat Associates.

Now let us see how best to protect and foster the spirit of Irish nationality. In the first place we must have organization—we must have unity of purpose, unity of thought and unity of action. We must have perfect discipline. Above all, patience and perseverance. A blow loses no force by being well directed. Cool restraint excels misdirected action. Courage is half the battle.

Be true to the memory of your dead. Let the old and young gather on each recurring anniversary, and in song and story perpetuate the glory of your race. Take the children on your knee and tell them the story of the Manchester martyrs; instil into their youthful minds the principles that made Sarsfield an exile, that gave to the world the memory of a Tone, a Fitzgerald and an Emmet. Many who were with you a year ago have since passed to their rest. Some are here tonight whose faces will be missed at the next anniversary. Our hope is in the young; from their number must our ranks be filled. As your children advance, surround them with the influence of good Irish literature; place in their hands a good sound advocate of Irish nationality in the form of a newspaper; teach them to patronize and encourage everything that tends to elevate the Irish race, and when the time comes for you to be mustered out of service your ideas will live in the action of your children and your work will be resumed by hearts trained to know the value of the cause committed to their care. Support and defend your national press. We have in this country too few journals true to the cause of Irish nationality. It is not a profitable undertaking; the same amount of money and energy invested in most any other field of journalism would prove a better financial investment. When, therefore, we find a newspaper with the heart, courage and ability to espouse our cause we should take more than a passing interest in it. There should be more mutuality; where the editorial columns are at our disposal we should be at the disposal of its advertising space, and see that it is accorded the patronage it deserves. There is no city in this country where Irish national organizations are more deserving of patronage than in this.

I have seen your Clan-na-Gael Guards and Hibernian Rifles marching in the scorching sun of an August day—the flower of our youth, the hope of our race—I watched with pride the sun dancing on their rifles reflecting the hope that flashed from the eye of each man who carried them. I see tonight the same men who marched beneath the folds of our green banner. To me there is no music like the roll of your drum, no rhythm like your measured tread, no hope like the courage of your eye, and no argument like the voice of your gleaming rifle. Nationalists of Chicago, sustain them in every effort, every time they present a man do you present an uniform and a rifle. Another source of pride is your Gaelic athletic clubs, worthy of all the encouragement you can give them; help them to develop the brawn, muscle and agility that may one day push to the goal of success the cause of Irish nationality.

No man can promise the day, no prophetic soul can name the hour when the bugle-call shall summon the sons of the Gael to final combat. Ye of silvered hair, who well nigh despaired of seeing the dawn of Irish freedom, let new courage burn in your hearts—one blast of that call would send the hot blood coursing through your veins with a vigor and fire equaled only by your impatience to prove to your foe that neither age nor infirmity can impair the vengeance of an Irish heart.

It has been customary for assembled bodies of Irishmen in this country to send across the water messages of greeting and expression. Tonight, as we stand between these glorious banners, the one successful, the other hopeful, both representing the blood of faithful sons in freedom's cause—let us flash across the ocean this greeting to the prime minister of England: The greater Ireland of today is beyond the realm of British rule; we do not dictate to any part of the Irish people, nor will we allow any part of the English people to dictate to us. Speaking for ourselves, as we have a right to speak, and speaking for the dead as we have sworn to speak, we say: Reckon with the people in Ireland as you may, there is a larger and mightier force who still demand a settlement at your hands. You may legislate into silence and apathy, if possible, every man upon that unfortunate island, and then you have only begun the struggle that confronts you. You will have to deal with a body of men who will accept no bones thrown to divert their attention while you bind them hand and foot. There will be no compromise, there can be no acceptance of anything short of the written epitaph of the immortal Emmet.

We recognize but one question, we will try but one issue. And here, tonight, in the presence of each other and our God we swear never to rest until we place in the temple of liberty, side by side with our starry banner, the shroud of our dead, the pride of our hearts—Erin's banner, the flag of the Irish Republic.

Mr. Gallagher, during the delivery of his address, was repeatedly cheered.

The proceedings terminated with the singing of "God Save Ireland," led by the Hon. M. McInerney.

GAELIC POETRY.

Nansi Bheusach.

Ni mheasaim gur cuireadh an t-órán seo i gclódh ariamh cheana. Fuair me é ó sheanfhear as tarthar Chonnacht, agus tugaim go direach mar sgriobh me sios uaidh é. Ni'l eólas air bith agam air an t-údhbhar bhi le n-a dheanamh.

S. O'M.

A Nansi Bheusach, a chidin-bhean chéillidhe
Ar cailleadh na ceudtha de d'ghrádh-sa,
'S go bh-fuil do bheul-sa mar cheól séidte
No seinn teud air chláirsigh.
Do shamhuil féile ni raibh i n-Eirinn
O cailleadh Déirdre na m-bán-chioch;
'S ó h-Elen sgéimh a chur na Gréige
Go bh-fuil an *seoy* leat air áille.

A bhile mhdinte na n-adhbhall chúmhra,
Tabhair dhamh-sa má fheudair,
'S gur tusa an Chápúid tá 'néis mo agrúduigh
Le saighid go dlúth de d' ghrádh-sa.
Tá lán 'san dún so ag eud 's ag tnúth liom
Le fheabhas mo chúraim anussa' stáid-mhnaoi,
Acht ead é sud damhsa dá n-eugfadh an cúige
Acht má 's mo rún a bheith dáltach.

Nár dheas an gleus a bheith air mhalaidh shléibhe
Ag déanamh léighinn agus d'á fhóghluim?
'S nár dheas an gleus a bheith i rúma léithe
Agus fion Gréigeach air bórd linn?
Nár dheas an gleus a bheith air leaba ghlóigeal
De chlámhach na n-eun, agus i cóirighthe?
'S dá dheise an méid sin, nár dheise an féirin
Bheith mea'adh maighdine 'gus d'á pósadh?

A Nansi Bheusach, a rún ná tréig mé,
A'sgheabhfaidh tú saidhbreas mór mar gheall orm,
Maoin a's éadáil, s'o'a Gréigeach,
Muslin dhaor, agus cambric,
Nuair bheidheas mná 'n a-sléibhe 's a Bdúisin réidh leó
Ag dul chun aonaigh no chun margaidh
Béidh tú, a cheud grádh 'nan do rúma ghleusta
A's rún do chléibh 'g do cheangadh.

Ni náire adúbhall i n-aon áit 'sa' g-condae
Me bheith 'g m' lomrádh 'eit mar chéile
'S go bráth mo mhuintear ni'l sí'a liom-sa,
Thu-sa éuligh liom gan spré air bith.
Ni'l uair d'á g-cuirim mo lámh ad' thimchioll
Nach bh-fuil mé cinnte go bh-fuil an seun orm,
'S go bh-fuil mná faoi lionn-dubh 'san t-sráid am' thiomchioll
'S mé go binn leat ag gabhail bheursaidh.

'S é mo leun mo shúdirin, gan mé a's tú
A n-oilean Umhail seal a n-aoinfhéachaint
No anns an Trúis mar gcéadna tá dhamhsa,
'S gan fios ár rún bheith ag aon-neach.
Faoi choillíbh dlúithe mar lin dhruideas tá
Mi a's ubhalla air bharraibh geug ann,
'S gan de leaba fúinne acht feur a's drúchda
'Gus duilleabhair cúmhra mar eudach.

Nach bocht an cás ann a d-tug an bás me
Fearthann 's baisteach a g-clár m'eudain,
'S nach d-aidbhradh an stáid-bhean sear' nó grádh dham
Mar bhéarfadh mná h-áline d'á g-céile.
Tá céch 'g á rádh go bh-fuil mo ch'san áit seo,
A bh-fuil mo ghrádh-sa i g-cumhnuidhe a' dreim leis—
O's mar sádh atá cuirim cúl mo láimh
Le n-á cumann geárr go Lá an t-Sléibhe.*

A's bheurfad móide do m'naibh Chrich Fódhla,
O's breug ni cóir a chur i n-áil dóibh,
A's an dara móide do chaillin ró-dheas,
A chuir feadh cióic air mo shúillibh.
An tríonahadh móide, gan fiú ná pólge
A thabhairt dóibh-san le dáta Pacht.
'S an t-athramhadh móide gan sgaradh leó
Go m-beidhéan air nós éigin éiteach.

*1. La an Bhreithcamhnais.

STEP TOGETHER.

BY M. J. BARRY.

Step together—boldly tread,
Firm each foot, erect each head;
Fix'd in front be every glance—
Forward at the word, "Advance!"—
Sorried files that foes may dread,
Like the deer on mountain heather,
Tread light,
Left, right—
Steady, boys, and step together!

Step together—be each rank
Dressed in line from flank to flank,
Marching so that you may halt
'Mid the onset's fierce assault,
Firm as in the rampart's bank,
Raised the irou rain to weather,
Proud sight,
Left, right—
Steady, boys, and step together!

Step together—be your tramp
Quick and light, no plodding stamp,
Let its cadence, quick and clear,
Fall like music on the ear;
Noise befits not hall or camp,
Eagles soar on silent feather—
Tread light,
Left, right—
Steady, boys, and step together!

Step together—self-restrained,
Be your march of thought as trained;
Each man's single pow'rs combined
Into one-battalion'd mind;
Moving with steps sustain'd,
Thus prepared we reck not whether
Foes smite,
Left, right—
We can think and strike together!

—*Irish Independent.*

IRISH NEWS.

Leinster.

The Right Hon. Martin Jos. Ffrench, fifth Baron Ffrench, died at Belleview, Blackrock, county Dublin, on Nov. 2. The deceased nobleman, who was born on Oct. 1, 1813, and had consequently just entered his 80th year, succeeded to the title in January, 1892, on the death of his elder brother. Lord Ffrench was called to the Irish bar in 1841, and five years later was appointed a resident magistrate for the county Tipperary, a position which he held until 1882. In 1862, Lord Ffrench married Catherine, daughter of the late Mr. John O'Shaughnessy, of Birchgrove, county Roscommon, by whom he had several children, being now succeeded in the title by his eldest son, the Hon. Charles Austin Thomas Ffrench, who was born in 1868, and is at present travelling in South Africa. One of his daughters entered religion, and is a nun in the famous Gumley House Convent, at Isleworth, England. The funeral, which took place on Saturday, Nov. 4, was largely attended. The chief mourners were Hon. J. M. Ffrench, son of the deceased; Messrs. M. J. Blake, C. J. Blake and T. Blake, nephews, and J. J. O'Shaughnessy. Lady French, Elm Park, sent her carriage. The following clergymen attended: Very Rev. Mgr. Plunkett, Rev. J. Colahan, Rev. P. O'Gorman, Blackrock; Rev. Dr. McIntyre, O. M. I.; Rev. J. M. Ebenrecht, C. S. Sp., Blackrock; Rev. E. Kelly, S. J.; Rev. J. Cahill, S. J. Among the general public present were: Messrs. Walter Eakins Redmond, T. C., Wexford; Thomas A. Kelly, Thomas G. Kelly, Ambrose A. Kelly, Patrick J. O'Byrne, J. J. Cheevers, Killyan; Major Cheevers, H. Plunkett, Charles R. Roche, B. L.; Martin Bodkin, George Roche, G. F. Blake, J. P.; Joseph E. McDermott, Redmond Naish, Reginald Scully, Richard J. Kelly, B.L.; Henry Monahan, Henry Monahan, Jr., Lieut. Col. Cheevers, P. Martin, Q. C.; J. B. Murphy, Q. C.; J. E. McDermott, C. C. Fitzgerald, J. Murphy, Colonel Goulding, M. Betagh, Clonsilla; Dr. M. F. Cahill, B. Scribner, John Scully, Darby Scully, C. M. Teeling, B. L.; J. P. Butler, M. J. Corbally, Jr., C. R. Roche, Dr. A. Roche, J. H. McCarthy, P. Coll, C. B.; Edward Coll, P. Aungier, James Talbot Power, Roy S. Dobbin, R. R. Garrett, A. R. O'Conor, H. H. S. Mason, W. J. Fitzpatrick, Knight of St. Gregory; Matthew J. Purcell, Stephen P. Curtis, Q.C.; Terence O'Reilly, Robert F. Murphy, Hugh Vaughan, Joseph Woodlock, A. E. O'Connor, T. R. O'Reilly, Capt. Bacon, James Shadwick and Vincent Scully.

About 5 o'clock on Friday morning, Nov. 3, at Wexford, a slight shock of earthquake was experienced of a few seconds duration, but yet was perceptible. One gentleman of high official standing in the town narrates that about 10 minutes to five he was awakened by the violent trembling of his bed. The shock was the subject of general discussion at the time, and every one who had felt it had some more or less startling experience to relate. It is about nineteen months ago since a similar shock was experienced in Wexford.

The shock of earthquake on Thursday evening, Nov. 2, was distinctly felt in county Wicklow and the neighborhood of Bristol.

Munster.

On Oct. 30, the annual distribution of the prizes won by the students of the Christian Brothers' college, Waterpark, Waterford, took place in the town hall, in the presence of the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, bishop of Waterford, who delivered a very important address on the present phase of the educational question in Ireland. The city high sheriff, Mr. G. A. Clampett, in the unavoidable absence of the mayor, presided.

At the Quarter Sessions at Tralee, Oct. 31, Judge Shaw presiding, a young man of respectable appearance and dress, giving his name as Robert Scott, of No. 22 Holles street, Dublin, was charged in due form with having on the second day of the Listowel races stolen a purse containing about £9, the property of Constable John Moore.

The funeral obsequies of Sister Dora, in religion Mary Berkmans, daughter of Capt. Richard O'Sullivan, Queenstown, took place Oct. 27, in the Loretto Convent, Fermoy, of which community the deceased sister, who was deeply loved, was for eleven years a member. The office and solemn mass were celebrated by the Rev. William Blake, D.D., president St. Colman's college. The Rev. Father Flanery, St. Colman's, was deacon, and the Rev. Father O'Keefe, St. Colman's, sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Noonan, St. Colman's, master of ceremonies. Rev. Father O'Keefe, Castletownroche, and Father Rea, Fermoy, were the chanters.

The ordinary weekly meeting of the Limerick Amnesty Association was held on Nov. 1 at the town hall, the chairman, Mr. Thomas O'Gorman, presiding.

The town commissioners of Kilrush on Monday, Oct. 23, appointed seven gentlemen to the School Attendance Committee to carry out compulsory education. On the suggestion of Mr. Crowley it was decided that the Protestant community shoul be represented on the committee. During the discussion the opinion was expressed that the government is doing grave injustice to the Christian Brothers by excluding them from financial benefits under the Act. The town clerk was instructed to procure fuller information concerning the general working of the Act.

Connacht.

A most successful meeting in sustainment of the cause of the tenants who had been evicted on the de Freyne estate was held recently at Lisacul. The locality lies at a distance of about ten miles from Castlerea, and is the scene of the acts of incendiarism perpetrated by Lord de Freyne's agent. The gathering was held in a field on the evicted farm, and within a stone's throw of the burned homestead of Thomas Barrett.

Mr. Petter Fallen, an old respected tenat farmer of Poolboy, Ballinasloe, was buried in the New Cemetery, Ballinasloe, on Wednesday, Nov. 1, the funeral being a large and very respectable one. Deceased was 70 years of age and reared a highly respectable family, one of them a business man in Dunlo street, Ballinasloe.

The Christian Brothers, Westport, return their grateful acknowledgments to his Grace, the Archbishop of Tuam, for his munificent contribution of £300 towards the much needed repairs of their school. They have also to thank him for the liberal aid he has given them to repair and improve their dwelling houses, etc.

The new November fair at Ballinasloe, held on Wednesday, Nov. 1, was a comparative failure. Defective advertising is said to have been the cause.

General Hutchinson, of the Board of Trade, accompanied by Mr. Murphy, contractor, Mr. Salter, C. E. Mr. Vaughan, manager Waterford and Limerick Railway, Mr. Tighe, C. E., and representatives of the Signal Company, Liverpool, made his final inspection of the Tuam and Claremorris railway on Tuesday, Oct. 31. It is believed that the line will be open for traffic on or about the 1st of December.

On Wednesday, Nov. 1, Major General Hutchinson, R. E. C. B., on behalf of the Board of Trade, made a final inspection of the new railway between Tuam and Claremorris. He was accompanied by Mr. Barrington, the engineer of the railway, and Mr. William M. Murphy, the contractor; also by Mr. Percy Bernard, the chairman; Mr. Tighe, the engineer, and Mr. Vaughan, the traffic manager of the Waterford and Limerick Railway, which company is to work the new line as a continuation of their system. General Hutchinson expressed himself satisfied with the result of his inspection, and stated that he would report to the Board of Trade that the railway might be opened for public traffic. When the junction now being formed with the Midland Railway lines at Claremorris station are complete, the means of direct communication will be opened between the counties of Mayo and Galway, Clare and Limerick.

The death by drowning of Mr. Edward Gallagher, of Main street, Ballinasloe, is announced.

Ulster.

Late on Oct. 31 an accident of a most serious nature occurred in the new Roman Catholic Cemetery, Armagh. A number of men were employed in the erection of a memorial cross in memory of Dr. McGettigan, the late Roman Catholic primate. Three of the workmen, Gibney, a monumental mason, and two men named McKee and Curran, were on the scaffolding at a height of about twenty feet from the ground, assisting the upper portion of the cross into its socket. The cross was being let down by pulleys and the rope by which it was suspended broke, and the cross crashed down upon the three men named. The unfortunate men were at once conveyed to the county infirmary, where Surgeon Palmer immediately attended to their injuries. Gibney is the most seriously injured, having his upper jaw broken in two places and wounds on the head, throat and legs. Surgeon Palmer at present has little hope of his recovery. It is most fortunate that the three men were not instantly killed, as the portion of the cross that fell weighed three and a half tons.

At the Protestant Synod of Down and Connor at Dromore Oct. 31, Bishop Welland presiding, a most uproarious scene took place on the introduction of the question of Home Rule.

A serious accident occurred on Thursday, Nov. 2, at Finn Bridge, in course of erection at Stranorlar, county Donegal, in connection with the government new railway works. A derrick gave way under the weight of a girder, with the result that a workman named Thos. McNulty was killed, and three others were badly injured.

WE clip an interesting anecdote about Marshal MacMahon from *Kate Field's Washington:* "In Paris, in the revolution of 1830, a law student was soundly kicked by one of the King's officers for tearing down a copy of the ordinances placarded on the wall. The officer was armed, the student was not; so the latter ran away. Nearly half a century later in 1879—the officer called upon the student to bid him good bye, having just resigned the presidency of the French republic on account of a radical difference with the majority of the National Assembly on questions of state policy. He combined with his adieus, also, a graceful word of congratulation on the student's election to succeed him in the presidential chair. The student was Jules Grevy; the officer was Patrice de MacMahon, who has just died, ripe in years and honors."

BASS, the great British brewer, whose only daughter will have a dowry of $30,000,000, is highly vexed with the cream of the English nobility, none of the marriageble scions of which ever noticed Miss Bass in society. The old man ambitioned to be the father-in-law of a real live peer: but young bachelor "dooks" just now are very rare birds in the English matrimonial market, and those who were for sale, somehow or another, refused to be bated. She is now compelled to wed a mere untitled land agent.

MARTIN HACKETT, an old Irishman, and one of the survivors of the Balaclava charge, is an inmate of an English poorhouse. Such is the reward of the average veteran soldier who was foolish enough to have risked his life for the Union Jack.

JOHN BULL'S navy has lost control of the Mediterranean. The French and Russian fleets have replaced his in those deep blue waters. England's naval supremacy—thank the Lord!—is a thing of the past. "The flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" will in the good time coming be duly relegated to a shelf in some museum of antiquities.

MOUNT CARMEL CHURCH BAZAAR.

A bazaar is in progress at Spelz's Hall for the benefit of Mount Carmel church, and is being largely attended. Monday night last Mount Carmel Court of the Catholic Order of Foresters, and Lake View Council of the Catholic Benevolent Legion, took charge of the hall and gave an entertainment which attracted a large abdience. The opening address was delivered by Mr. E. J. Walsh, who made a very eloquent statement of the benefits arising from membership in Catholic societies. Concluding, he said: "These are a few of the benefits derived from membership in societies. You have in your midst the two Catholic societies in whose name I am here; and in them you will find all the benefits to be derived from membership in non-Catholic associations, while you have guaranteed to you that as they have been founded within the fold of God's everlasting and infallible church, they cannot, by an abuse of power, stray far from the paths of rectitude and of honor. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you in the name of the Catholic Order of Forester and the Catholic Benevolent Legion, as well as in my own, for your presence here tonight, and hope that you will enjoy the programme we have prepared for your entertainment."

The comic selections by Mr. Charles Kelly were well received, and that gentleman was loudly encored. The swinging of the dumb-bells by Master Lee was loudly applauded. The other parts of the programme were rendered in a manner that drew forth the applause of the large audience, who enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

A People's Edition of O'Hart's "Irish Pedigrees."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CITIZEN—With your usual courtesy to me will you kindly allow me to acquaint those of my subscribers who are readers of your widely-circulated journal that I am far advanced in the compilation, in one volume, of a cheap, or People's Edition, of my "Irish Pedigrees" (the fifth edition of which, in two large volumes, was lately published by James Duffy & Co., Dublin, and Benziger Brothers, New York), to be published early in the coming new year. Even in its condensed form the People's Edition will contain the source and derivation of each Irish surname mentioned in the work, the stock from which each Irish family has branched, the armorial bearings of each Irish family, the various Anglicized forms of the Irish surnames—many of which, under their present garbs, have long been considered of foreign origin—and the names in Irish of many of the Christian names of our Irish ancestors. In addition, the coming People's Edition will contain a chapter on the "English Invasion of Ireland"; another giving "The Territories of the Ancient Irish Families"; another, the "Cromwellian Devastation of Ireland"; and another in reply to Mr. Hine's alleged "Israelitish connection with Ireland," etc.

When the coming edition is out of my hands I intend, God willing, to compile a cheap People's Edition of my "Irish Landed Gentry when Cromwell came to Ireland," and afterwards another People's Edition of the pedigrees of the Anglo-Norman, Anglo-Irish, Scoto-Irish and the other foreign families now forming a portion of the Irish people, contained in Vol. II. of the fifth (or latest) edition of my Irish Pedigrees," so as in price to bring these works also, when published, within the reach of the people.

Thanking you in anticipation for the insertion of this letter. Yours, etc.,

JOHN O'HART.

DOLLYMOUNT, Dublin, Oct. 30, 1893.

T. Shea, Tailor.
374 W. Madison-st.

We carry the latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE FAR WEST.

Whilst wrapt in a day dream but lately
And humming a song of my youth
I woke with a start as I fathom'd
The depths of its meaning and truth.
The minstrel sa. g loudly of freedom—
Of glories of lands far away,
Though cycles have waned since I heard it—
Its wisdom is patent today.
Could I add a word to its counsel
For easing of sorrow and pain
It might be that children unborn yet
Might say I had not lived in vain—
It might be that some honest toiler,
When called on to lay down his load,
Might bless me for striving, though feebly,
In helping to point out the road.

I've sped through a country of wonders,
Gazed hereward and thereward until
My eyes have grown dim with emotion.
My heart in its place has stood still.
With vistas of health, peace and plenty
Around me wherever I roam,
My thoughts have recurred to the sadness
Abounding on all sides at home.
Ye toilers in alleys, in cities;
Ye weary, oppress'd and downtrod,
Leave sin, shame and sorrow behind you—
Go out and shake hands with your God.
Why groan under burdens that break you?
Why clamor at pygmies who rule?
Why breathe but the air of contagion?
Why listen to dogmas that fool?
Let blue skies above be your temple,
Great Nature your truthful high priest,
The earth "in its fullness" will serve you
A rich and bountiful feast.

Why toil for a mis'rable pittance
In atmospheres laden with guilt,
When miles upon miles wait the tilling
And cities are still to be built
In lands where to labor's a blessing—
In lands of perennial sun—
Where nature meets man open handed
Paying fivefold for duty that's done?
From fruits of the earth eat in plenty.
Drink air from the mountains with zest.
Your hearts will grow stronger and lighter.
Week honestly—God does the rest!

And if it be true as it's written
That God—"in his image"—made man
Go emulate him! Create something!
'Tis action will sweeten life's span;
'Tis honesty leads men to labor;
'Tis labor wins honor and pelf.
Strike out for this new "Land of Promise"—
A destiny carve for yourself.
Then honor'd by all who surround you,
In homes that your own hands have made
The sunset of life you can welcome—
Your debts to your Maker are paid.
—J. H. Barnes in American Theater.

A MIDAIR FIGHT.

The true and full details of the adventure I am about to relate have never appeared in print. Nobody but myself could possibly give a faithful account of the matter, and I have only recently recovered from a nervous prostration that followed the event. I write this account now, not because it gives me any pleasure to do so—on the contrary, the task is a very unpleasant and painful one—but so many untruthful versions of the story have got abroad that I feel it due to myself to state plainly what actually occurred.

It was in August, and I was taking a pleasant walking tour in the south of England. During the second week I had left Surrey behind me and was wandering among the fields, the wooded dells and the winding lanes of West Sussex.

I carried with me a little guidebook to the county, merely for the sake of the brief information it gave me about old churches and other points of interest. I employed no itinerary, but let my route work itself out from day to day without any prearranged plans. Yet the fact remains that but for that little book my terrible adventure would in all probability never have happened.

Breakfasting one morning at the little inn at B——, I determined that my day's walk should be to P——, and I worked out my route on the map. I noticed, however, that a little village called W—— lay about two miles out of my way, and turning up the place in my guide I read, "The tourist should not miss the church, which is early English and exhibits some very interesting features." I thereupon resolved to alter my route a little in order to include the village in my day's progress.

A description of the place, its charming green and pretty cottages, is not necessary to my story. The little church stands upon a knoll and is a prominent detail in the landscape for miles around. Looking up at its graceful spire, I at once noticed that just beneath the weathercock some slight scaffolding had been erected, and that ropes depended from it to the surface of the tower beneath. Some repairs were evidently in operation.

"Are you repairing the spire?" I asked of three men who were seated on a flat tomb eating their frugal midday meal.

"No," was the somewhat surly reply of the man who appeared to me to be the foreman.

"Only the weathercock?"

"Yes."

The fellow now eyed me closely, as if there were something in my appearance that interested him. He was a rather tall and powerfully built man, with a full black beard and rather curious, deep set eyes. There was something about the eyes that fascinated me. Surely I had seen them before. But where? I had no recollection of having ever previously made the acquaintance of a steeplejack.

His manner suddenly changed toward me. He rose from his seat and seemed anxious to converse.

"Pretty country around here, sir."

I agreed with him.

"Lovely view from the top." He pointed with his thumb to the steeple. "You get what they call a birdseye view for miles around, and I believe I saw the sea this morning through that break yonder in the South Downs."

"How do you go up?" I asked.

"In a sort of cage. I am just going now, sir. Will you go with me? You may never get the opportunity again."

I thought he was probably right, and that it was a pity to miss such an experience.

"But is it quite safe?" I inquired.

"Bless you, yes, sir. I'll take care of you right enough." And he laughed in a way that was certainly not pleasant, but it struck me as being only a peculiar mannerism.

I consented to make the ascent, and we all mounted the belfry stairs and got out on the belfry leads.

"I'd better go first," he said, "and then I can see you safely landed. The cage will only hold one at a time."

He was soon hauled to the top, and when he had disembarked the cage was let down again for my reception. I got in and proceeded to ascend up the side of the steeple. I had not risen many yards before I began to feel very nervous. My life was absolutely at the mercy of the two men who were pulling me up. Suppose by some accident they should let go? What if the rope should break, or the pulley at the top give way?

As the height to which I was being lifted increased, so my terror increased also. I dared not look downward. One glance made me turn sick and faint. The palms of my hands were moist, and perspiration stood in beads on my forehead. What a fool I had been to consent to go up!

The ascent could not have taken many minutes, but it seemed as if it were never going to reach the top. Once there, the steeplejack helped me to get on to the little platform, where I crouched down and clung to the standard of the weathercock, trembling in every limb.

My guide signaled to his assistants to let down the cage, and turning to me a few moments later said:

"My men have now gone down the road for a drink. I told them that we shouldn't want to come down for an hour."

"An hour!" I exclaimed. "Am I fixed in this horrible place for an hour? Explain!"

"I thought you might like time to examine the view carefully. Pretty, isn't it?"

"Do you mean to—is this a brutal, practical joke?"

"No. I was never more serious in my life, Herbert Ridley Morris!"

"You know my name? Who are you? What is it you want?"

"I will answer all in good time. Just make yourself as confortable as you can, and I'll begin by telling you a little tale. It isn't out of a story book, but it's just as good and a long sight truer.

"Listen! Once on a time there was a little village. It was in Buckinghamshire. The population was small, but none the less virtuous on that account, you understand. In this village lived a maiden, who never had her equal in this world and never will. Her father was a market gardener, and her mother had died when she was a baby. Well, in the next village, some two miles off, lived a young fellow who would gladly have laid down his life for that maid, so madly was he in love with her. He was a dairy farmer and was said to be very prosperous. Certainly he was in a position to provide a comfortable home for the maiden that everybody understood he was to marry.

"As I have said, he loved the girl madly, and she professed to love him in return. She had promised to become his wife, and in the coming spring they were to be married.

"But she never was his. Do you suppose he threw her over? Do you think he tired of her? Good heaven! He loved her even more—more madly, more fiercely, because she could never be his wife.

"What, then, do you suppose separated them? I will tell you. A smooth tongued villain from London came between them. He flattered her and lied to her and spread his vile net to entrap her. The poor girl was fascinated, bewildered by the sleek scoundrel, and he carried her off.

"A year later she was in her grave. Her deserted lover was broken hearted, desolate, desperate. His business became neglected and ended in ruin. As a boy he had tried the sea, and he now took to the life again, but not for long. He fell in with a steeplejack, worked with him and has since adopted the calling. Still, the great sorrow of his life hangs heavy on him, and he once swore a vow—which he means to keep—that if ever he met the enemy of his life and of the life of the woman he loved the great score between them should be settled one way or the other.

"Do you understand the story? That dairy farmer's name was Richard Wilson, and the name is also my own. The girl was Margaret Snow, and Herbert Ridley Morris was the scoundrel. We have now an opportunity of paying off old debts without fear of interruption."

The determination in his manner, the madness in his eye, told me he was in deadly earnest.

"You wrong me," I cried. "I never intended to harm you. As for Margaret, I loved her passionately, and the marriage was a perfectly happy one. God knows that when she died it nearly broke my heart. Poor Margaret! If you loved her as you say, you have my deep sympathy."

"Curse your sympathy!"

He struck at me with his fist, but by a quick movement I avoided the blow.

"One of us has to die—one or both of us!" he shrieked. "If you go first, I shall throw myself after you. If I go down, you can live and run the risk of being hanged for my murder! Are you ready?"

He fixed his eyes on me, and I saw he was no longer a sane man, and I was doomed to engage in a most horrible encounter—a fight for life round the weathercock of a lofty church steeple.

I gave one loud cry for help. It was echoed by a neighboring hill and startled the birds in the trees beneath.

"You fool!" he laughed in derision. "What help do you hope for up here? If any one attempts to come up, one stroke of my knife will cut short his career."

I tried to pacify him, but my words seemed only to infuriate him, and suddenly, with a loud execration, he sprang on me like a tiger. The platform that we were on was formed of rough planks and was only a few feet square. Beyond the standard of the vane and the four short ends of scaffold poles, to which the planks were secured by ropes, there was absolutely no protection.

The standard round which the struggle centered was of stout wrought iron, and each man's life depended on his being able to maintain his hold upon this support. Arms and legs in confusion were entwined about it as we wrestled and fought in deadly desperation.

Oh, those horrible moments! How we fought and strained and maneuvered to gain some little advantage in position! If he succeeded in dislodging my right leg, it was only to let my left leg obtain an equally good position. If I forced his hand from one place, it immediately grasped another.

I saw clearly, and so, I think, did he, that it was purely a question of endurance. The man who could hold out longest would win, and we were pretty evenly matched. But what a terrible fate awaited the vanquished! And through all the struggle I could hear the birds in the trees and hedges below, singing merrily in the warm sun, which beat down on our uncovered heads and parched my throat and lips.

I do not know how long we had been engaged in our horrible fight. It may not have been many minutes, but to me it seemed hours. Neither of us appeared to be gaining any material advantage, when, suddenly taking me by surprise, he seized me savagely by the throat and forced me, choking, on my back across the platform.

Though I was obliged to release the iron standard with my hands, I still clung to it with one leg. Wilson held my throat with his left hand, so that my head hung over the side of the platform. With his right hand he grasped the iron rod. To his left leg I was clinging with one arm, and with his right leg he was violently kicking mine away from the support.

How it happened I do not know, but all at once he lost his hold on the upright bar, reeled round, and with a quiet cry fell backward over the edge into midair. At the same moment my leg got disengaged, and as I was clasping one of his limbs I felt myself suddenly jerked after him.

As I write I can distinctly see the whole panorama that met my gaze as I went over the side, even the excited little group of villagers who were shrieking and hurrying toward the steeple. It seemed long enough for me to notice several insignificant details and for several calm thoughts to pass through my brain. Yet it must have been but a moment.

I immediately became unconscious, and it was several days before I recovered my reason. When I did so, I was astonished to find that in body I was practically uninjured, although I had received a terrible mental shock.

It appears that the ghastly struggle was watched throughout by the terror stricken villagers, but no person could be found sufficiently daring to mount the spire and risk his life by an interference. When, however, poor Wilson fell, and I was seen to be hanging suspended from the platform, there were plenty of volunteers.

The man who went to the top found me hanging by the breast of my stout tweed jacket, which providentially had caught in a nail in one of the planks and thus saved my life. It was a merciful circumstance that I had lost consciousness, as any efforts on my part to get out of my truly horrible position must have ended in my being dashed to pieces like my assailant.

Additional help was immediately obtained, and they brought me down to the ground in safety. This is the whole of the story. Numerous sensational embellishments have got abroad, but they are all fiction. Surely the truth in this case is so terrible that there was no necessity to supply added horrors from the imagination.—Exchange.

Electric Deposition of Copper.

According to the opinion of so good an authority as The Engineering News, the recent discovery made relative to the electric deposition of copper and other metals promises to be of great importance, for, while heretofore such processes have been carried on by immersing the metal intended to receive the deposit in an aqueous solution of a salt of the metal to be deposited, the new method makes effective use of insoluble salts of the various metals, these being simply reduced to a fine powder and mechanically mixed with water. The mixture is applied to the surface of the metals by means of a brush, to the handle of which is attached the electric conducting wire, so that the depositing operation resembles the ordinary application of a coat of paint. Not only pure metals, but all sorts of alloys, it is represented, are affixed as coatings to other metals, with the utmost facility, by this means. Thus the hull of an iron ship, for example, may be spread over with a tough, adherent and impervious surface of metallic copper of any desired thickness, and experiments have been made which indicate that this plan may be successfully carried out in the plating of aluminium with silver or gold—a desideratum which has long been sought for, but in vain.

A Bull For a God.

The ancient Egyptians believed that the spirit of their greatest god, Osiris, dwelt among them in the form of a pure white bull marked by a certain sign. Herodotus mentions two of these signs—a black eagle on the back and a black forehead with a square of white in its center. These creatures, when found, were worshiped during life and mummified after death. The New York Historical society has one of these "bull gods," a fine mummy from the temple of Serapis.—St. Louis Republic.

Institution of Marriage.

The first blessing which God gave to man was society, and that society was a marriage, and that marriage was hallowed by a blessing. Celibacy is never commanded, but marriage is. The gift of Eve was that of a wife and friend. Marriage was in the world before sin and has been the greatest antidote against sin.—Jeremy Taylor.

ELEVEN YEARS LATER

AN INCIDENT OF GETTYSBURG HAS A PLEASANT SEQUEL.

General Gordon Thought He Had Left General Barlow to Die on the Battlefield In 1863, but They Met Again In Washington In 1874—Saved by a Devoted Wife.

The advance of the Confederate line of battle commenced early on the morning of July 1, 1863, at Gettysburg. The infantry division commanded by Major General John B. Gordon of Georgia was among the first to attack. Its objective point was the left of the Second corps of the Union army. The daring commander of that corps occupied a position so far advanced beyond the main line of the Federal army that, while it invited attack, it placed him beyond the reach of ready support when the crisis of battle came to him in the rush of charging lines more extended than his own. The Confederate advance was steady, and it was bravely met by the Union troops, who for the first time found themselves engaged in battle on the soil of the north, which until then had been virgin to the war. It was "a far cry" from Richmond to Gettysburg, yet Lee was in their front, and they seemed resolved to welcome their southern visitors "with bloody hands to hospitable graves." But the Federal flanks rested in air, and being turned its line was badly broken, and despite its bravely resolute defense against the well ordered attack of the Confederate veterans it was forced to fall back.

Gordon's division was in motion at a double quick to seize and hold the vantage ground in his front, from which the opposing line had retreated, when he saw directly in his path the apparently dead body of a Union officer. He checked his horse and then observed from the motion of the eyes and lips that the officer was still living. He at once dismounted, and seeing that the head of his wounded foeman was lying in a depression in the ground placed under it a nearby knapsack. While raising him at the shoulders for that purpose he saw that the blood was trickling from a bullethole in the back, and then he knew that the officer had been shot through the breast. He then gave him a drink from a flask of brandy and water, and as he revived said, bending over him: "I am very sorry to see you in this condition. I am General Gordon. Please tell me who you are. I wish to aid you all I can."

The answer came in feeble tones: "Thank you, general. I am Brigadier General Barlow of New York. You can do nothing more for me. I am dying." Then, after a pause, he said: "Yes, you can. My wife is at the headquarters of General Meade. If you survive the battle, please let her know that I died doing my duty."

General Gordon replied: "Your message, if I live, shall surely be given to your wife. Can I do nothing more for you?"

After a brief pause General Barlow responded: "May God bless you! Only one thing more. Feel in the breast pocket of my coat—the left breast—and take out a packet of letters." As General Gordon unbuttoned the blood soaked coat and took out the packet the seemingly dying soldier said: "Now, please take out one and read it to me. They are from my wife. I wish that her words shall be the last I hear in this world."

Resting on one knee at his side, General Gordon, in clear tones, but with tearful eyes, read the letter. As the reading of the letter ended, General Barlow said: "Thank you. Now, please tear them all up. I would not have them read by others."

General Gordon tore them into fragments and scattered them on the field, "shot sown and bladed thick with steel." Then, pressing General Barlow's hand, General Gordon bade him goodby, and mounting his horse quickly joined his command.

He hastily penned a note on the pommel of his saddle, giving General Barlow's message to his wife, but stated that he was still living, though seriously wounded, and informing her where he lay. Addressing the note to "Mrs. General Barlow, at General Meade's headquarters," he handed it to one of his staff and told him to place a white handkerchief upon his sword and ride at a gallop toward the enemy's line and deliver the note to Mrs. Barlow. The officer promptly obeyed the order. He was not fired upon, and on being met by a Union officer, who advanced for that purpose, the note was received and read, with the assurance that it should be delivered instantly.

Let us turn from Gettysburg to the capitol at Washington, where, 11 years later, General Gordon held, as now, a seat as senator of the United States and was present at a dinner party given by Orlando B. Potter, a representative in congress from the state of New York. Upon Mr. Potter's introducing to him a gentleman with the title of General Barlow, General Gordon remarked:

"Are you a relative of the General Barlow, a gallant soldier, who was killed at Gettysburg?"

The answer was, "I am the General Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg, and you are the General Gordon who succored me!"

The meeting was worthy of two such brave men—every inch American soldiers.

I should add that on receiving her husband's note, which had been speedily delivered, Mrs. Barlow hastened to the field, though not without danger to her person, for the battle was still in progress. She soon found her husband and had him borne to where he could receive surgical attendance.

Through her devoted ministrations he was enabled to resume his command of the "Excelsior brigade" and add to the splendid reputation which it had achieved under General Sickles, its first commander.—New Haven Register.

Selecting Carriage Horses.

In the selection of pairs for carriages the first requisites generally demanded are that the horses should be of a like color and external conformation. So far as fashion and appearance go, when the pair is at rest, the eye is satisfied. Something more, however, is wanted when the horses are in motion. They should not only be the same in color and in height and of like characteristics in shape, but their action should be uniform in character. Without this—for instance, a high stepper paired with a daisy cutter—the impression on the onlooker is an unpleasant feeling of incongruity. Inharmonious action in a driven pair is, to a judge of horses, as great a fault as an ill matched pair in color, size and conformation to the ordinary observer.

Something still more, however, than any of the qualities we have named is requisite. A perfect team of two or more horses should possess, as well, the same kind of temperament to make driving agreeable. A sluggish horse in company with one of a spirited disposition is a continual source of irritation to the driver. The willing horse also takes more than his share of the work, and the lazy less. If the latter has to be repeatedly urged to do his duty, it becomes a source of annoyance to the former, who fidgets and unduly exerts himself in the traces. A pair of lymphatic horses is much to be preferred to such a combination. As the formation of perfect pairs, such as we have indicated, is a difficult matter and such pairs are exceedingly rare, it is no wonder that when found they command enormous prices.—London Live Stock Journal.

A Magical Golden Buck.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the parlor magician, "I will now do a very difficult trick. To do this trick I must have the hearty co-operation of the audience and six eggs. Will some one please lend me an egg?" Here there was much laughter and great applause. "Ah, no one has eggs in his pocket, eh? Well, I suppose I must use some of those with which I have luckily provided myself. I will take this silk hat and break the eggs into it—so."

The magician took a hat from a table which stood at his right and broke six eggs into it, one after another. Then he stirred them up with his wand, covered the hat with a handkerchief and began to talk again: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, as you have no doubt noticed, I have broken the six eggs into the hat and covered the hat with a handkerchief. It is my purpose to wave my wand thrice in the air, to say three magic words and to produce before your astonished eyes a golden buck. The trick I do with no fire and no cooking utensils. I have no cuffs, and there are no whiskers to deceive you. It will merely demonstrate to you that the movement of the hand is quicker than the eye."

The magician then waved his wand three times and said slowly and distinctly: "Presto! Change! Come!" At the last word a bright yellow negro walked on the stage. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the magician, "there are the egg shells, and, ladies and gentlemen," pointing to the negro, "here is the golden buck."—Buffalo Express.

The Nuggar Tank.

One of the innumerable curious sights of India is the Nuggar tank of Kurachi. In former times the crocodiles which inhabit it roamed the neighborhood at their will, seeking whom they might devour, but so great were their depredations that the authorities were forced to build a wall round their haunt. This is a swamp, caused by hot springs, the medicinal virtues of which have been known from early times and are attributed to the sanctity of a Mohammedan whose tomb is close by and to whom the crocodiles are sacred.

The tank, as it is called, is about 150 yards long by about half that distance in breadth. In this space one observer counted over 200 reptiles from 8 to 15 feet long and smaller ones innumerable. They are so tame, in a sense, that it is necessary to poke them with a stick before they will move.

Buffalos are always standing in the water and are not attacked, but any other animal is instantly seized. "The whole appearance of the place," says one writer, "with its green, slimy, stagnant water and so many of these huge, uncouth monsters moving sluggishly about, is disgusting in the extreme, and it will long be remembered by me as the most loathsome spot I ever beheld."—Chambers' Journal.

He Saw the Fish.

A showman had a bill outside his tent which read, "Come and see the great sawed fish." A learned gentleman read it and informed the showman that it ought to be "sword" fish.

"Yer'd better come in and see for yerself; the hadmission is only tuppence," was the showman's only reply.

So the learned man paid his tuppence, went in and was shown a large cod sawed in half.

"Yer ain't the fust gent wot's tried to teach me 'ow to spell, but I've had a good eddication, an I'm running this show to prove it," grinned the man.

The learned gentleman departed, deeply meditating on the world in general and that showman in particular.—London Million.

The Czar's Gifts.

The czar of Russia always carries with him, when he visits his wife's relatives in Denmark, one large trunk that is filled with valuables. These are in the shape of watches, diamond rings, various crosses and ribbons of minor orders and purses of money. They are used judiciously by the czar to distribute among telegraph operators, stationmen, policemen and other minor functionaries with whom the emperor and his family come in contact. The advent of the czar is always heralded with delight at Copenhagen.

AN OPAL WITH A HISTORY.

Five Men Who Wore the Fateful Stone Overwhelmed With Misfortune.

Some years ago a gentleman named Beard, who was one of the wealthiest residents of Houston, was traveling on horseback from San Antonio to Austin. In his saddlebags he had a supply of provisions, liquor, etc., the usual commissary supplies incident to horseback journeys. A few miles from Austin he rode up to a tree under which lay a stranger, sick almost unto death. He asked Mr. Beard for assistance and was given some provisions and a generous draft of whisky. The fellow was suffering with a raging fever and realized the necessity of getting to where he could have proper medical attention. He asked Mr. Beard if he could spare him a few dollars, at the same time drawing from his finger a heavy gold ring set with a magnificent opal, which shot forth flashes of red, blue and golden light as the stone was moved. Mr. Beard took the ring, giving the man $3, which was about half the change he had with him, promising to call on the man in the hospital in Austin, where he hoped to hear from friends and would redeem the ring. Mr. Beard rode on, after making the stranger as comfortable as possible.

Some two or three days later he went to the hospital and found his man still very ill, but he had failed to receive the expected remittance. After chatting with him awhile he took his departure. When he visited the hospital next day, he found the man was dead. He returned to Houston, forgetting all about the ring, except as he happened to notice it. The second day after his return he lost a lawsuit involving $80,000. From this time everything he touched proved unlucky. One day he was in Austin gloomily meditating over his ill luck when his eye chanced to fall upon the opal, which he swears was emitting a yellowish green light and seemed to mock at him. Like a flash the story of the opal and the ill luck that attached to a possessor came into his mind, and drawing the ring from his finger he started for the Colorado river, intending to throw it in the stream. On his way he met a friend, the sheriff of the county, to whom he communicated his intentions.

The officer said it was a shame to throw away such a magnificent gem and begged that he might have it instead. The opal changed ownership right there, and three days afterward the sheriff was shot and killed. The opal then passed into the hands of a lawyer, who was thereupon unfortunate until he died, and the ring went into the hands of the fifth man, who soon went crazy. From this time Mr. Beard lost all trace of the opal, after following its history through the hands of five different men, all of whom met with misfortune as soon as the gem came into their possession.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Rome and London.

A correspondent of a contemporary gives some interesting details, comparing the value of land in the city of London today with the value of land in ancient Rome.

A business freehold property in the city, offered for sale by auction, was withdrawn at £176,000, or at the ratio of £45 per foot. It appears that the house of Clodius cost what would be £119,479 of our money. The Roman palaces naturally fetched higher prices, while smaller houses cost less. The residence of Crassus sold for £28,000.

On the whole it would seem that real property in Rome in the time of the empire was almost as valuable as it is in the metropolis now. In Rome, as in most cities during the mediæval ages, the houses were not only places of business, but also and chiefly private residences. The house of Clodius, for example, besides its storerooms, where the produce from his country estates was kept for sale, contained the usual apartments of a private mansion. The Maison Plantin at Antwerp is a fine example of a sixteenth century house, where under the same roof were the business offices and private apartments of the proprietor. As in England and the low countries, so in Rome, the value of such houses as places of residence affected the prices they fetched in the market. Therefore the comparison with the price realized for purely business premises is in some measure untrustworthy.—London Land and Water.

African Decoration.

A tribe of West African women, who are forced to forego clothing on account of the heat, turn the entire attention of their personal decorative instincts to their heads, torturing their wooly locks into all sorts of fantastic designs. The "buffalo horn" is a favorite; the lock hair hangs in tight ringlets, and the front is divided into two rolls, and wound around long curved shells which stand nearly upright from the head. Another popular design is a halo round the head, formed of tightly braided little pigtails, which are held in position by a hoop of wood, which encircles the head. The hoop represents the nimbus of a saint, and the little tails the beams of heavenly light.—Philadelphia Press.

Moon Influences.

Many superstitious beliefs as to the "influence" of the moon still remain, even in this last decade of the nineteenth century. In some localities it is believed to be unlucky to be empty handed when one first beholds the new moon, and among the same people having silver in the hands or gold in the pockets is a "good sign." If one is about entering upon an important undertaking, he had best defer proceedings until the moon, is "falling"—that is, until some time between "new" and "full" moon.

A Difference.

Bagley—Do you have your clothes made to order?

Brace—When I strike a new tailor. With the old ones they are made by request.—Exchange.

MANITOBA GRIZZLIES.

MONSTROUS BEARS IN THE FORESTS BACK IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Some of Them Tower Six Feet Above a Man, and It Takes Nerve to Stand In That Tremendous Presence—A Hunter Saved His Life by Doing a Circus Act.

Fifteen years ago, said George W. Rae, a Manitoba pioneer, the grizzly bear was so plentiful among the Manitoba Rockies that the Hudson Bay company annually secured many hundreds of their skins from the army of hunters and trappers that had its range in that wild region, but today this fierce and ponderous beast—nowhere so fierce or of such enormous proportions as among the Manitoba fastnesses—is quite a rarity in its old haunts, and I doubt if one can now be come upon without a difficult and tedious journey of at least 300 miles into the interior wilderness of the province.

The grizzly has met with almost as hard a fate as the buffalo, although, from the nature and isolation of its present retreats and the difficulties attendant on hunting and trapping for it, the grizzly bear, like the Manitoba moose, will never become extinct in that country. I believe that the moose, although the flesh of 2,000 of them is required to supply the military stations in the territory alone with fresh meat every year, is as plentiful today in its wild retreats as it has been at any time since the great inroads of fur and pelt hunters were begun in the territory.

I know no reason why the grizzly bear of the Manitoba Rockies should grow so much larger than the grizzly of the same mountains in the States, but a long and varied experience in hunting these animals in their respective localities has proved to me that such is the fact. No grizzly bear that I ever captured or that I ever knew to be captured south of Manitoba measured more than 7½ feet from muzzle to tail, or weighed more than 1,200 pounds. But it was no uncommon thing in the palmy days of grizzly bears in Manitoba for the hunter or trapper to be confronted by one of these monsters 9 feet in length and with a bulk of 1,500 pounds or more. I have seen Manitoba grizzlies that when they threw themselves on their haunches and rose erect towered five feet and six feet above me, and I want to tell you that it takes a man with a large quantity and the best quality of nerve to stand in that tremendous presence and prepared to do battle coolly and with a level head.

Grizzly bears, like all the rest of the bear family, have the curious habit of rising against a tree, and, reaching up as far as they can with their fore paws, making marks in the bark by digging it with their claws. I have more than once come across these measuring marks of a grizzly, as the marks on the bark are called, 12 feet above the ground. Imagine coming suddenly upon a beast like that in some deep ravine or isolated spot almost impassable owing to the down timber heaped and tangled on the ground and surrounded by rocks and thick underbrush. The sight of his great jaws, open and red, and his eyes flashing in fury at you from the enormous head that towers so far above you, is something only to be appreciated when once seen.

When there were buffaloes on the plains, Manitoba grizzly bears were keen and persistent hunters of them. When a grizzly and a buffalo met, there was sure to be a fearful contest, although it seldom lasted long, and the buffalo was usually the victim. The buffalo bull, when confronted by a bear, would invariably charge ferociously upon its big and ugly foe. This was just what the bear desired, and he awaited, erect on his haunches, the onset of the buffalo. As the latter rushed forward with lowered head and was almost upon the bear the immense grizzly threw himself quickly to one side, and with a blow as quick as lightning with one of his great forepaws seldom failed to break his antagonist's neck. A Manitoba grizzly has been known to engage in rapid succession four and even five infuriated buffalo bulls and kill every one of them. It sometimes happened, though, that a bull younger and more agile than his companion succeeded in evading the fatal blow of the grizzly's terrible paw long enough to give in turn a deadly thrust of his horn into the bear's side, puncturing his vitals and making the contest a mutual slaughter.

In general characteristics, of course, the Manitoba grizzly is not in any way different from others of the family. While I believe that a grizzly bear will sometimes wait and precipitate a fight with a man and take pains to put himself in the way of one, in the great majority of cases he will take a second thought about the matter and back out. A queer instance of this disposition came to my knowledge once where a famous Manitoba guide courageously advanced upon three grizzlies, an old she one and two half grown cubs, and, by a series of ridiculous monkeyshines and acrobatic maneuvers within a rod or two of the threatening bears, filled them with such astonishment and apparent fear that they retreated to the woods as fast as they could go.

The hunter's gun had snapped in both barrels, he having drawn on the old bear before the young ones came upon the scene. It was in a fit of desperation that he tried the turning of a handspring and jumping up and down, clapping his hands and resorting to other unhunterlike measures. He had been told once that a hunter had frightened a mountain lion away by similar absurd movements, and he found that it worked to perfection in the case of the three grizzly bears, but he never, even in the face of that fact, advised or encouraged any one to go hunting Manitoba or any other kind of grizzlies armed with nothing more than a capacity to turn grotesque somersaults.—New York Sun.

A public library and literary resort exclusively for the blind has been opened in Chicago.

FLOWER SUPERSTITIONS.

Maidens' Barometers For Divining the Depths of Their Sweethearts' Love.

It is singular to see how many meaningless ceremonies are now practiced by young women—ceremonies which were formerly used in earnest as love charms or incantations. Most of these have an amatory origin, and in connection with not a few certain flowers are used, presumably as a means of foretelling the future. In several parts of New England when a young lady expects a visit from her lover she will pluck a marigold, take it in her hand when he arrives and carry it until the end of his visit, when from its fresh or faded condition she will judge of the strength of his affection.

A German girl, after having been called on by her lover, will put a star flower or dandelion in water and leave it there until his next visit, drawing an omen from its condition, while a Spanish maiden will take a moss rosebud, wear it on her breast, and if it expands to become a perfect flower the omen is considered exceedingly fortunate. A superstition of the same kind is shown by the East Indian maiden who places a poppy in her hair. In England the primrose is used for the same purpose, and in country districts of New England the spikes of the rib wort plantain are taken, wrapped in dock leaves, placed beneath a stone, and if the next day signs of new buds appear the omen is considered happy.

In France young ladies desirous of ascertaining the extent of a lover's affection take the common daisy and pull off its leaves one by one, with the question, "Does he love me? Does he love me little? Does he love me much? Does he love me with all his soul?" Marguerite in "Faust" uses the common blue bottle with similar questions. In England the ash leaf is sometimes employed to ascertain the faithfulness of an absent lover, and the Irish maiden learns of her future by putting a shamrock in her shoe, after which she walks abroad, and the first man she meets or one of his name will be her husband.—New York Advertiser.

Some New York Breakfasts.

Nearly every German bakery on Third avenue serves breakfast and luncheon to the furnished room population of the east side. Some serve eggs and cold meats, coffee, tea and chocolate. The majority, however, provide only coffee, tea, rolls and cakes. Nine out of ten of the customers take coffee and cake. The latter is not the French or American kind. It consists of four varieties dear to the German palate—apple, peach, prune and sugar. The last named is also called cinnamon. It is made of bread dough on the upper surface of which is spread some butter, sugar and cinnamon. Then it is baked hard.

The peach and apple cakes are made of thinly rolled bread dough, surmounted by slices of apples or peaches, as the case may be. When a little butter and sugar have been placed between the slices, the baker has approached as near perfection as possible. The dough of the prune cake is made like the other and covered thickly with mashed stewed prunes.

In the best bakeries a slice of any of these cakes from four to five inches square is sold for 5 cents. A good cup of coffee or tea with milk and sugar costs the same. Those who like light and sweet breakfasts can thus be satisfied for 10 cents. Probably 5,000 east siders eat such breakfasts in the bakeries every morning.—New York Sun.

The Origin of Starching.

The course of history carries us back no further than the year 1564 for the origin of starching in London. It was in that year that Mistress Van der Plasse came with her husband from Flanders to the English metropolis "for their greater safety," and there professed herself a starcher. The best housewives of the time were not long in discovering the excellent whiteness of the "Dutch linen," as it was called, and Mistress Plasse soon had plenty of good paying clients. Some of these began to send her ruffs of lawn to starch, which she did so excellently well that it became a saying that if any one sent her a ruff made of a spider's web she would be able to starch it. So greatly did her reputation grow that fashionable dames went to her to learn the art and mystery of starching, for which they gladly paid a premium of £4 or £5, and for the secret of seething starch they paid gladly a farther sum of 20 shillings.—New York World.

A Hair Splitting Bishop.

It is recorded of a certain hair splitting English bishop, who was accustomed to compose his "charges" in the train, and whose desk was always placed opposite to him, that he invariably treated it as though it were a living vis-a-vis. The train being very full on one occasion, a would be passenger inquired if this place was taken, and the bishop, with his sunniest smile, expressed regret that there was no room. "I don't think that was quite right, my lord," said one of his fellow passengers. "What was not right?" inquired his lordship urbanely. "To say that the place was taken." "Pardon me, I did not say that it was taken; I was particularly careful to use the word 'occupied.'"—San Francisco Argonaut.

He Was a Senator.

Senator Allen of Nebraska is a big, burly man who looks like a prosperous dealer in live stock. Shortly after his arrival in Washington he was stopped at the door of the senate chamber by a new doorkeeper, who informed him that no one save senators was allowed on the floor. Mr. Allen smiled sadly, waved his hand and said: "Very well, sonny, I'm a senator. I don't look it, I know, but I am, just the same," and passed into the sacred precincts.—Chicago Herald.

Her Preference.

"Pow is it your little baby sister goes to sleep as soon as your father takes her?"

Little Four-year-old—I 'spec' it's 'cause she'd rather do that than stay awake and hear him sing.—Beau Monde.

'TIS USELESS TO REGRET.

We've done the best we could, my dear.
There's nothing to regret.
We've taught the children many truths
On which our hearts were set.
And if against our old time ways
They foolishly protest
We never need regret, my dear,
That we have done our best.

There's many a plan that's come to naught,
There's many a light gone out,
And disappointments, griefs and cares
Have hedged us roundabout,
And many a sad mistake we've made
Throughout our lives, and yet
We've done the very best we could—
'Tis useless to regret.

For out of evil good has come,
And out of darkness light,
And all wrongdoing in this world
Some day will be set right,
And though we have not reached the height
Attained by others, yet
We've done the best we could, my dear—
'Tis useless to regret.

We've tried to live like honest folks,
To do our duty well,
'Gainst evil things to take our stand,
In goodness to excel.
So judge yourself not harshly, dear,
Nor at misfortunes fret.
We've done the best we could, and so
'Tis useless to regret.
—Eagle and County Cork Advertiser.

She Followed His Lead.

There were seats enough for all except one young man, whose party of two pairs sat down near the door. It was the high spirits of this group doubtless that prompted the suggestion by one of them that the standing young man should sit in the lap of his young woman for greater comfort. This he promptly did, and not being repulsed sat there with great content to himself.

At Reade street a young Irish girl boarded the car. It was evident to every one that she was recently landed, well intentioned and little informed.

She stood at the door a minute and looked bewildered up and down the filled seats. Then her eye fell upon a young man sitting at ease in a young woman's lap. She darted forward, and before any one had the slightest idea of her intention she seated herself respectfully but firmly on the lap of the other young man.

It was hard to tell which was the funniest, the agitation of the young man, the calm of the young woman or the hysterical laughter of the colored girl in the corner, who explained to the passengers between her peals:

"She t'inks dem as comes fust sits on de seats, an dem as comes next sits on de people."

Which was evidently just what she did think until the conductor came to the rescue.—New York Recorder.

Acute Vision of Birds.

Birds have very acute vision—perhaps the most acute of any creature—and the sense is almost more widely diffused over the retina than is the case with man; consequently a bird can see objects sideways as well as in front of it. A bird sees—showing great uneasiness in consequence—a hawk long before it is visible to man. So, too, fowls and pigeons find minute scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us exactly similar pieces of earth or gravel. Young chickens are also able to find their own food, knowing its position and how distant it is as soon as they are hatched, whereas a child only very gradually learns either to see or to understand the distance of an object. Several birds—apparently the young of all those that nest on the ground—can see quite well directly they come out of the shell, but the young of birds that nest in trees or on rocks are born blind and have to be fed.—Chambers' Journal.

A Remarkable Bridge.

It is reported from Denver that a natural bridge forme. by a tree of agatized wood, spanning a canyon 45 feet wide, has been found in Chalcedony park in Arizona. It is supposed that the tree had at some remote time fallen, when it became inbedded in the silt of some great inland sea or mighty water overflow. The silt became in time sandstone, and the wood gradually passed through the stages of mineralization, until now it is a wonderful tree of solid agate. Again, in after years, water has washed and eaten away the sandstone until a canyon 45 feet in width has been formed, the flintlike substances of the agatized wood having resisted the erosion of the waterflow.—Yankee Blade.

Charles V.

Charles V had epileptic attacks during his youth. He stammered. He retreated to a monastery, where he had the singular fantasy of celebrating his own funeral rites in his own presence. His mother, Jane of Castile, was insane and deformed. His grandfather, Ferdinand of Aragon, died at the age of 63 in a state of profound melancholia. —New York Times.

The fall is the time of the year when the country demand for broken down street car horses is the greatest. During the cold weather the animals get used to their rural surroundings, recuperate, have only enough exercise to keep them in condition, and by spring are able to accomplish the heavier tasks of plowing and harrowing.

A hundred and fifty years ago unmarried as well as married women were styled "Mrs." Girls were called "Miss" until they left school, when they took rank as "Mrs.," while married women were very generally addressed as "Madam."

Miss Jessie Ackermann, the second round the world missionary and president of the Australian W. C. T. U., has completed her trip. It occupied four years, during which time she traversed over 100,000 miles.

Since the conquest there have been 24 wars between England and France. In the last war, between 1803 and 1815, it is estimated the total destruction of human life amounted to 1,200,000.

To believe one's self more cunning than others is a mistake. The fox is more cunning than an ass, but there are more foxskins in a furrier's store than asskins.

PERFECT PHYSICAL REPOSE.

A Firm Hair Mattress Rather Than a Feather Bed Promotes It.

There is an old story of an Indian and a "paleface," who, after a long day's journey, lay down in a deserted cabin at nightfall to rest. The Indian, wrapping himself in his blanket, stretched himself on the floor of the cabin with his feet to the fire and was soon asleep. His companion meantime has espied a feather bed in another room, and congratulating himself on his discovery jumped in and was also soon in a doze.

With the first rays of the morning light the Indian rose refreshed and ready for the day's task. He went to arouse his comrade, when, lo! he found him dead from the exhaustion of the previous day.

Luxurious repose is never true physical rest.

To enjoy that blessing to its fullest extent freedom from restraint must be allowed every part of the body. A firm surface is required—one that will tend to keep the body stretched out at full length, that the lungs and heart may feel no sense of restriction by compression of the chest walls, and that the blood may have uninterrupted course in every direction.

We should never be guilty of supposing that the person whom we saw sitting in a chair with his chin pressing on his sunken chest was enjoying true physical rest, no matter how fast asleep he might appear to be.

The tendency of the body to gravitate toward the lowest part of a feather bed is beyond remedy.

In this position the whole body is often so curled up that no one part is free from constriction. The chest walls are caved in, and the whole body suffers from the consequent lack of proper oxygenation of the blood and the restriction which is placed upon its general circulation. The blood moves sluggishly, and as a result the condition of "fat and flabby" is superinduced.

This condition is never likely to follow the constant use of a firm hair mattress, for the blood has no chance to get dropsical from too sluggish a circulation.

Perfect physical repose, like perfect physical activity, is dependent upon a proper equilibrium of the bodily functions during slumber.

The story of the Indian and the white man might easily have been founded on fact.—Youth's Companion.

How to Know a Caxton.

Title pages were unknown till after 1491. There must be no Roman or Italic lettering, but all Gothic or old English. There must be no commas, but an oblique stroke in their place. Further, there must be no catchwords at the bottom of the page. The use of these, long gone out of fashion, did not come into vogue till years after Caxton's death.

There are other tests necessary, such as the measurement of the lines, for some of the type used was imitated pretty closely by Caxton's successors. It is clear, however, that during his career Caxton only used six kinds of type. The first, distinctly foreign in its character, was used by him at Bruges in the printing of "The Recuyell of the Histories of Troye" and in the first edition of "The Game and Playe of the Chesse." This style was never used in England. The second style, such as in "The Moral Proverbs" and "Tulle of Olde Age," printed in 1477 and 1481 respectively, was beautiful and artistic. It follows a design of manuscript which obtained the name of Gros Batarde, common in use in the fifteenth century. Several books were written in this manner under the order of Edward IV and are now to be seen in the British museum.

Looking at the dates when Caxton's books were issued and the types he used, it is evident he did not make new type till the old was worn out. A pretentious style came next in 1483, very bold in its character. It is problematical whether there is a book in this type; the only examples we have of it at present are in headlines.—Chambers' Journal.

A Quick Recovery.

The doctor of a hospital ship complained to a visitor of a lazy colored man whom he could do nothing with. "We don't like to throw the rascal out, but it is easily seen he is only shamming."

"Well, doctor," said the visitor, after a little reflection, "lend me a few yards of string and that nigger will be miles away before night."

He got the twine, and putting on a melancholy air he went to the darky's berth.

"Very bad?" he said.

"Yes, massa," replied Sambo. "Dreb-ful sick."

The visitor made no further remark, but placed one end of the twine at his head and drew it slowly—very slowly—until it reached his toes. Then he measured him across the chest. The fellow looked the picture of astonishment and terror and gasped:

"What dis for?"

"My poor fellow, the doctor knows you are not going to recover, and it is only an expense keeping you here without any chance of doing you good. I have just been taking your measure"—here he lowered his voice still more—"for a coffin. We'll bury you with honors tomorrow. It's the custom here in a case like yours. 'Tis best for all hands, you know."

No one knew how or when the negro got clear of the hospital ship, but there was no trace of him in the morning.—London Tit-Bits.

In Bad Company.

Learned Judge (severely)—John Jones, the jury have taken a very lenient view of the case. You have had a very narrow escape, and it should be a lifelong warning to you. After this you ought to keep away from bad company.

John Jones—Yes, yer honor, ye won't see me here again in a hurry.—Judy.

Impudence.

Ethel—Why don't you acknowledge the bow of the gentleman who just passed?

Yvette—The impudence of him! He was presuming on the fact that we are engaged.—Chicago News.

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County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 498 Thirty fifth-st.
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Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 Ashland av; C McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

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Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D Mahoney, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

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Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patricks Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Doran, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

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Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 257 West Eighteenth-st.; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEnenny, Rec Sec, 729 Hisman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twomey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr F Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1935 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoppe, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 3958 Lowe av; Charles F Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Hals ed sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Lasalle and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Motz, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Heusteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 423 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 350 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9232 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4039 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos P Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 161 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 773 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 326 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 73 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3803 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5812 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Fri; T, P O'Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5800 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Beckling, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2823 Archer av; F S, P DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE—PUBLIC NOtice is hereby given, that by virtue of a decretal order made by and entered of record in the Probate Court of Cook County, in the State of Illinois, on the 14th day of November, 1893, in the matter of the petition of George B. Hennessy, Administrator of the estate of Andrew J. Turner, deceased, against Grace Turner and Minnie Hayes, defendants, I, George B. Hennessy, said administrator, will, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of Friday, the 15th day of December, 1893, at the judicial salesroom of the Chicago Real Estate Board, at No. 57 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois, offer for sale and sell at public vendue to the highest bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest which was of the said Andrew J. Turner, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, viz: Lot number thirteen (13) of Block numbered three (3) of "Uthe's Addition to Glencoe," being a subdivision of the South East one-quarter (S E ¼) of the South East one-quarter (S E ¼) of Section Seven (7) Township Forty-two (42) North Range Thirteen (13) East of the third Principal Meridian, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts and charges of administration of said estate due and to accrue. Said real estate is subject to the dower right of Grace Turner, widow of said deceased. No deed will be delivered until the report of sale is confirmed by the Probate Court.

Chicago, November 16, 1893.

GEORGE B. HENNESSY, Administrator of the estate of Andrew J. Turner, deceased.

W. J. Carey, Attorney.

JOHN McKEOUGH, ATTORNEY, 25 & 27, 81 S. CLARK-ST.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE—ESTATE OF GEORGE L. Ritzhaupt, debtor. The undersigned hereby gives notice, that George L. Ritzhaupt, of Chicago, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, did, on the 15th day of November, A.D. 1893, transfer to the undersigned, as assignee, all his property, real and personal, for the benefit of his creditors, according to the provisions of the act concerning assignments.

All persons having claims against the said George L. Ritzhaupt are hereby notified to present such claims, under oath or affirmation, to me, at Rooms 25 and 27, 81 S. Clark-st., in said County, within three months from this date.

Dated Nov. 18, 1893.

AUGUST METTE, Assignee.

John McKeough, Attorney.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF ROBERT FITZGIBBONS, DEceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Robert Fitzgibbons, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1894, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, October 27, 1893.

WILLIAM KIRBY, Administrator of said estate.

David Sullivan Attorney for estate.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF JOHN REYNOLDS, DECEASed.—All persons having claims against the estate of John Reynolds, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A.D. 1894, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 13, 1893.

PATRICK J. McCARTHY, Administrator of said estate.

David Sullivan, Attorney for said estate.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ROOM 19, 69 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF MARGARET HANLEY, DEceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Hanley, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A.D. 1894, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 16, 1893.

WILLIAM HANLEY, Administrator.

Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

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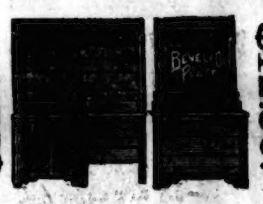
$12.50.  $12.50.

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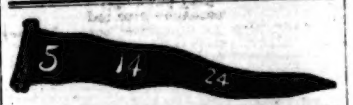

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